

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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APRIL FOOLS.

Come, April fools, from this side sea,
 Come, April fish from t'other —
 Let's hob and nob, and all agree
 Each April gowk's a brother!
 For you're a fool, and I'm a fool;
 And in this nipping weather
 The more the fools the merrier . . .
 So here's all fools together!

Which head were't best that I invest
 With *Punch's* Cap of Folly?
 Who with its bell, is like to make
 Music most melancholy?
 England has hosts of candidates,
 And France, I see, has plenty:
 One Arch-fool it is hard to choose,
 Though easy to choose twenty!

Say, should it be the Fenian,
 That dab at vulgar fractions?
 Whose scheme is to make Ireland one,
 By letting loose her factions:
 To feed her fat by damming out
 The commerce of the Saxon;
 And ease her load by leaving nought
 The State can lay a tax on.

To raise to flood her tide of wealth
 By drying up its fountain;
 And turn on JOHN BULL, in the might
 Of molehill against mountain.
 To share the land: spin ropes of sand;
 Fools' Heavens convert fools' Hells to:
 Rise up, my Fenian April fool,
 You've earned the cap, and bells, too!

And yet I wist my ritualist's
 A formidable rival,
 From hobs and bows, and mops and mows,
 Who looks for faith's revival;
 Who in a cold, dark world finds light
 And warmth in altar-candles:
 Holds rites and vestments helps to Heaven,
 And prayers in plain clothes scandals.

Who shakes his head at LUTHER's name,
 And sighs for "papa noster;"
 Meantime, from pulpits Protestant
 Doth Papal doctrines foster;
 Content by thumb of Priest and Church
 To gauge Heaven's rule and Hell's, too —
 He leaves the Fenian in the lurch —
 Give him the cap, and bells, too!

But rampant rise to claim the prize
 Competitors a couple;
 An Orange-man with bloodshot eyes,
 An Ultramontane supple.
 For Protestant ascendancy
 The one, for Papist t'other;
 At odds in all, but the resolve
 Of each to damn his brother.

O'er GLADSTONE's Bill had they their will
 Kilkenny's cats they'd equal:
 And fight till but two tails were left —
 Two tales without a sequel!
 But cooler England steps between,
 As their wrath high-tide swells to;
 And since the crown she can't assign,
 Divides the cap, and bells, too.

"Now nay, now nay!" LORD JOHN may say:
 "Advance our feudal banners:
 And raise a claim to cap and bells,
 In morals' name and MANNERS!"
 Right in the teeth of saucy facts,
 I'll make my docile flock run,
 DAME PARTINGTON swept back the sea,
 Back MANNERS bids the clock run!"

And here come Lords of Vested Rights
 In Schools and Boards and Vestries,
 To prove that what's wrong is our own,
 What's right, is our Ancestry's.
 If they think long-befooled JOHN BULL
 Will longer yield their yells to,
 I think their Lordships may put in
 Good claim to cap, and bells, too.

But turn the sight to left or right,
 The cry is still "They're coming!"
 Like flies about a honey-cask,
 Or wasps round peaches humming.
 So dense the swarm of April fools,
 Pure English, for the picking,
 That foreign April fish can find
 No room their tails for sticking.

'Tis clear one crown is not enough
 Among so many claimants,
 So glorious in their length of ears,
 And motleyne of raiments.
 Keep England's cap for English fools,
 For French let France provide one;
 With heads so worthy crowns apiece,
 Why stick two pates inside one?

Punch.

EPIGRAM ON THE MARRIAGE OF A VERY THIN COUPLE.

ST. PAUL has declared that when persons,
 though twain,
 Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain.
 But had he been by when, like Pharaoh's kine
 pairing,
 Dr. Douglas, of Benet, espoused Miss Mainwar-
 ing,
 St. Peter, no doubt, would have altered his tone,
 And have said, "These two splinters shall now
 make one bone."

Public Opinion.

From The North British Review.
 REVOLUTIONS IN THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

THE standard language of literature and life is appropriately termed the Queen's English, from having upon it the stamp of national currency and use. It is the medium of oral and written intercourse through the length and breadth of the land, just as the royal currency or coin of the realm is the medium of commercial exchange. The words of the standard vocabulary, like the issues of the royal mint, have on them the image and superscription of national authority, of which the Sovereign is the natural head and representative, and hence the apt designation, "Queen's English." But, taking a wider view of the matter, there is really more significance in the epithet Queen's, as applied to the language, than that arising from the accidental circumstance of the reigning monarch being a princess rather than a prince. A second reason of its special appropriateness is to be found in the fact that the most important changes in the language, or rather in the vocabulary of the language, have taken place under the three great English queens, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria. If we throw out of account Queen Mary, who was hardly English either in character or policy, the reigns of the three English queens are identified with the most influential revolutions in the history of the English language. The Elizabethan age was the era of its fullest spontaneous development; the so-called Augustan age of Anne that of its critical restriction and refinement; while the Victorian age is the era of its reflective expansion, its conscious growth and re-invigoration. Each of these periods is heralded by half a century of preparation, in which the influences, literary and political, that helped to produce the change, were gradually acquiring direction, unity, and power.

The first of these periods, that of the Reformation, commencing with the earlier half of the sixteenth century, culminating in the Elizabethan age, and lasting in its characteristic influences till the middle of the seventeenth century, is justly regarded as the great creative period of English literature. It is the period in which the latent genius of the nation was manifested for the first time in all its freshness, strength, and ex-

uberant vitality. But the next considerable epoch, that of the Revolution, which reached some of its most expressive forms during the reign of Queen Anne, has a character of its own, equally marked, though perhaps not so fully recognized. If the era of the Reformation was the creative, the productive epoch of our literature, that of the Revolution, extending over the greater part of the eighteenth century, is characterized by the predominant activity of the regulative, co-ordinating, or legislative faculty. It is pre-eminently a critical age — the age in which criticism appeared for the first time as a modifying power in our national life and literature. The Revolution Settlement itself was a criticism of the Constitution, a resolute and successful effort to reduce to precise terms, fix in definite propositions, and establish on a legal basis the political rights and liberties which had gradually asserted themselves amidst the vigorous but irregular growth of the nation's corporate life. In almost every department of national activity the working of the same critical impulse may be clearly traced. There is manifestly, on all hands, a strong desire and persistent effort to measure in some way the achievements of the prolific past; to take stock, as it were, of the intellectual wealth the nation had so rapidly accumulated, and estimate according to some rule or principle the results of its enormously productive energies.

Very naturally, however, the working of this critical movement is especially seen in the literature of the time, and the contrast between the two periods in this respect is well illustrated in the early productions of their typical poets. This kind of index is peculiarly significant, because men of genius instinctively reflect, if they do not even anticipate, the foremost intellectual tendencies of their own time. In his early youth, Shakespeare, the representative of the first period, was exercising his fervid poetical imagination, his tender and passionate sensibilities, in the glowing imagery and musical verse of *Venus and Adonis*. Pope, the typical poet of the second period, while still in his teens, was reading Boileau, and condensing into the smooth couplets of his *Essay on Criticism* the sagest maxims of accumulated literary wisdom, mingled with the

shrewd observations of his own keenly precocious mind. Great original works of imaginative genius were no longer produced. In place of these, critical editions of the great poets were for the first time undertaken, and critical dissertations on their special merits, as well as critical theories of poetry and literature in general, attempted. No doubt these theories were superficial and one-sided, the critical judgments often shallow, and the rule employed for the measurement of the intellectual giants of the previous age sometimes ludicrously inadequate for the purpose. But the important fact remains, that in every sphere of intellectual activity rules and principles of judgment were honestly sought for. Amidst the hard things that are often said against the eighteenth century, it must be remembered that its leading minds, if comparatively cold and unimaginative, were consciously animated by the desire of finding in every department of inquiry a critical or rational basis, and that in some departments, such as those of history, philosophy, and political science, this effort produced results of permanent value.

What is true of the literature during these two periods is equally true of the language. The epoch of the Reformation was the great period of the language as well as of the literature — the age in which its latent stores of phrase and diction were for the first time brought out, and rendered available for the higher purposes of literature by current use. Then, too, the various tributary streams, Celtic and Scandinavian, Romance and Classical, that at different times have enriched our native tongue, may be said to have flowed together, and poured their currents into the broad and deepening river of our recognized and central English. But these secondary elements of copious and expressive diction, left as a heritage by races that had helped to give dignity and grace to the robust English character, were by no means the most important contributions made during this era to the standard national vocabulary. The scattered wealth of neglected words belonging to the root-elements of the language, the forcible and idiomatic Angle and Saxon terms, hitherto almost restricted to local use, were now, under the working of an irresistible influence, collected from their provincial sources,

and poured into the national exchequer of words through a multitude of obscure and unnoticed channels. The powerful influence which thus developed for the first time the resources of the mother tongue was that of awakened nationality, of which the Reformation itself, in its early stages, may be regarded as the concentrated and energetic expression. The working of this national spirit, and its effect both on the language and the literature, is indeed clearly traceable as early as the fourteenth century. By the middle of that century the brilliant foreign wars and successful reign of Edward III. had very much effaced the bitter antipathies of rank and race produced by the Conquest, impressed on the national mind an exulting sense of unity and power, and diffused amongst all classes the proud glow of genuine patriotism. The effect of this awakened spirit on the language is seen in its immediate recall to the courts of justice, and other positions of dignity and honour, from which for three centuries it had been banished, while its intellectual reflex may be traced in the noble early literature of which Chaucer, Gower, and Wycliffe are the foremost representatives. In the fifteenth century the gallant but disastrous wars of Henry v. dissipated the vain dream of extended foreign empire which had so long dazzled the imagination of the nation, and helped to fix its attention on domestic interests, while the Wars of the Roses indirectly advanced the cause of the people by destroying the most offensive incidents of the feudal system, and relieving the nation at large from the incubus of a turbulent and ambitious feudal aristocracy. During the long, prudent, and successful reign of Henry vii., the growing elements of national unity and power consolidated themselves; and under favourable conditions of peace and public security the country steadily advanced in social comfort, political strength, and material prosperity. When Henry viii. ascended the throne, he had to lead a high-spirited and self-reliant people, proud of a European position gained by past achievement in arms, confident of its future progress, and resolved, if need were, to secure the conditions of that progress at the point of the sword. The very subservience the early Parliaments showed on home affairs

arose indeed, in part, from the strong feeling in favour of an energetic foreign policy, and the resolve of the nation to maintain at all hazards its position in Europe. The Reformation was just the movement to stimulate that resolve, as it appealed directly on its political side to the independent spirit of the people. In its early stages, indeed, as far as the people at large, or rather the town populations—the mercantile, trading and professional classes, who alone took an active interest in public affairs,—were concerned, the English Reformation was a national and political, much more than a religious or ecclesiastical movement. It was a national revolt against the authority of a foreign potentate, whose arrogant pretensions, haughty bearing, and arbitrary exactions of tribute had come to be regarded as alike insulting and oppressive. As the area of the conflict enlarged and its issues expanded, the great interest at stake stirred the heart of the nation to its very depths, and roused all its nobler elements of character to a pitch of intense and sustained enthusiasm. This enthusiasm reached its highest point in the tremendous struggle with Spain as the armed champion of Roman domination in Europe, the ruthless military representative of the despotic principle both in Church and State.

On the eve of that gallant struggle against such overwhelming odds, Queen Elizabeth, with the sure instinct of political genius, struck the key-note of the excited national mind in her stirring address to the army:—
 "Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my own recreation and disport, but having resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down, for God and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm." The national spirit, thus appealed

to, triumphed; and it is almost impossible even at this distance of time, to estimate the magnitude of the result. The destruction of the Armada at once broke the aggressive power of Rome and Spain, beating them back to their continental seats, flushed with an exulting sense of victory the nation, that almost single-handed had ventured on such an unequal conflict, and crowned with European fame

"This scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world."

Shakespeare had come to London two years before the destruction of the Armada, and the intense feeling of national exultation it produced beats with a full pulse not only in this passage, but throughout the whole of his historical plays. Britain, as champion of the Reformation, had, however, not only defeated Catholic Europe, and reached a position of peerless renown in the Old World. She had become mistress of the seas, and thus commanded the ocean-paths to the New World, the El Dorado in the far golden West, which successful maritime adventure had revealed, and whose untold treasures daring English navigators were beginning to explore. This acted as a powerful stimulus to the intellect and imagination of the nation. It enlarged men's minds, widened their moral horizon, and inspired them with the confident hope of destroying established forms of error, and discovering new continents of truth. The strong and sustained intellectual reaction of the whole movement produced, in the short space of a quarter of a century, those unrivalled masterpieces of literature which constitute the glorious Elizabethan age.

The direct-connection of the whole Ref-

ormation movement with the great productive period of our literature is well known, and has been pretty fully investigated; but its influence on the language has never yet been traced with anything like careful accuracy and minuteness. Mr. Marsh, indeed, in his excellent work on *The Origin and History of the English Language*, points out one of its immediate effects in the numerous translations of theological and other works, by continental reformers, scholars, and divines, which appeared in rapid succession; but his general description of these versions is hardly accurate, while his estimate of their effect on the language is, to say the least, one-sided and erroneous. He describes them as bringing in a "flood of Latinisms," as introducing new words and ideas, a special technical phraseology, which made "at once a very considerable accession of Latin words to the vocabulary of English." There is, indeed, a certain amount of truth in this statement. The new conceptions and forms of doctrine which the Reformation produced required a language of their own, and in some of the early English translations of foreign theological works a glossary of such terms is given at the end of the volume. But the remarkable feature about the translations, as a whole, is not their Latinisms, nor their specially theological dialect, but their extraordinary wealth of genuine English words. To take a single illustration, we would refer any one curious on this point to the versions of Nicholas Udall, an accomplished scholar, author of the earliest comedy in the language, and successively head-master of Eton and Westminster. Amongst his other labours, at the instance of Queen Catherine Parr, Udall undertook a translation of Erasmus's voluminous paraphrase of the New Testament, and executed a large part of it himself. The work is not only clear and vigorous in style, but rich in English idioms, in expressive colloquial phrases, and pithy Saxon terms; and is accordingly frequently quoted in illustration of such words, both in Richardson's Dictionary and by Dr. Latham in his new edition of Johnson. Curiously enough, Mr. Marsh does not even mention Udall, although from his translation alone a list of Saxon words might be collected, in some respects more complete than is to be found in any existing dictionary or glossary of English.

Another way in which the Reformation had a direct effect on the language was by the amount of controversy it provoked, by the extensive literature of attack and reply, of polemical dissertations, pamphlets, and broadsides it produced. The appeal in

these discussions being a popular one, had a twofold effect on the language, helping both to simplify its structure and to give prominence to the strictly vernacular elements of the vocabulary. Sir Thomas More, and John Bale, bishop of Ossory, represent the extremes of this controversial literature, the former being a bigoted Romanist, and the latter a rabid Protestant. In point of taste and temper there is perhaps not a pin to choose between them, both being singularly eloquent in the coarse rhetoric of vituperation and unmeasured personal abuse. Nor are they without points of resemblance in other and higher respects. The English Chancellor is the more quick-witted, learned, and accomplished disputant, as well as the more voluminous writer. In his great polemic against Tyndale he discusses the points at issue with an exhaustive minuteness of detail that would become wearisome but for the lively play of fancy, the grave wit and fertility of humorous illustration that relieve the tedium of his argument and soften the bitterness of his invective. He is, moreover, naturally fond of argument, cunning of logical fence, and displays even a kind of scholastic subtlety in defending against his opponent the use of images, modern Romish miracles, and the doctrine of the sacraments. The Irish bishop has none of More's dialectical skill, and hardly attempts anything like serious or sustained argument, his numerous polemical writings consisting rather of historical facts and loose declamation, passing not unfrequently into coarse but vigorous invective. But More and Bale have in common certain rhetorical characteristics that will entitle them to a place in the history of English prose during the first half of the sixteenth century. They both possess a great command over the resources of colloquial and idiomatic English, and write with an ease, animation, and freedom which is very rarely to be found at this early period. The necessity of popular appeal gives to their style a flexibility and directness that brings the written language much nearer to the spoken tongue than had hitherto been the case. The change is complete in those of the reformers who, like Latimer, helped the movement chiefly by oral discourse. What is true of More and Bale is true in a degree of the other early writers who took a leading part in the struggle, such as Frith and Barnes, Ridley and Tyndale; but none of their works — not even those of Tyndale, who writes with unflinching purity and vigour — have the vivacity and popular interest which belong to the style of More and Bale.

The important fact, however, is that in the whole controversy, as indeed in all the

effective writing of the time, the appeal is made, not to the judgment or the prejudices of a sect or profession, but to the reason and conscience of the nation at large, the avowed aim being to stimulate the one and inform the other. Translators and controversialists, historians and expositors, alike recognize the direct interest of the nation in the conflict of opinions, and maintain the ultimate authority of its judgment in deciding the questions at issue. This is true of all classes, from the headstrong monarch himself, who ordered that copies of the English Scriptures should be placed in all the churches of the land for public use, and the Queen, who caused Erasmus's paraphrase to be translated, "that all English people may to their health and ghostly consolacion, be abundantly replenyshed with the frute thereof," and to be circulated in a similar manner, down to the nameless authors of popular broadsides and satirical doggerel, written in Skeltonical verse. The free use of the vernacular speech was obviously indispensable to the progress of such a movement; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that the whole literature of reflection and instruction assumed a national dress in this country a century earlier than on the Continent.

How intense and influential was the awakened spirit of nationality which thus expressed itself in the Reformation, is further apparent from the striking fact that it at once absorbed and turned to popular account the two great continental influences that for a time arrested the progress of the native literature in the other countries of Europe. These influences were those arising from the enormous revolution effected in the means and mechanism of intellectual culture by the revival of letters and the invention of printing. On the Continent, these influences operated for half a century at least as a powerful denationalizing force. The early presses of France, Germany, and Italy, but especially of the two latter countries, were largely occupied in the production of accurate classical texts, while many of the ablest minds were absorbed in the necessary work of textual revision, criticism, and explanation. But in England, for half a century after the introduction of printing, the works issued by Caxton and his associates were all, with insignificant exceptions, in the vernacular tongue, all identified with the native literature, either as original works or effective translations. These early English presses multiplied copies of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, of Trevisa's translation of Higden, and other prose works of interest, and thus supplied

for the first time the materials of a literary culture at once national in its basis and popular in its range.

In the same way, under the over-mastering influence of what continental critics would probably call the insular spirit, the new classical literature itself was speedily turned to national account, and converted into an instrument of general cultivation. The early English scholars betook themselves to the work of translating, and the effect of the new classical literature during the greater part of the sixteenth century must be measured rather by its popular influence than by its professional study or academic teaching. The systematic teaching of Greek was not firmly established in either Oxford or Cambridge till the second half of the century; and before that time several versions from classical Greek as well as Latin authors had appeared in English. But it was not until after the accession of Elizabeth that translations of standard classical authors were multiplied in sufficient abundance to supply the conditions of a new and stimulating national culture. Then the higher liberalizing influences of the period were welcomed, and had full scope to work under the most favourable conditions. The universal sense of relief from the gloom, oppression, and terror of the previous reign, the hopes inspired by the accession of a sagacious, accomplished, and popular monarch, the rousing of the national energies by the widening area and deepening issues of the Reformation conflict, and the liberation of learning from priestly or professional control, with the constant secularization of the sources of knowledge which that movement had effected, all conspired, to produce and diffuse amongst the active classes of the nation a sharpened intellectual appetite, and an eager desire for fresh and satisfying mental food. There was, in fact, a general thirst for some knowledge of the revived classical literatures, which the scholars of the time hastened to gratify. Before the end of the century, most of the great master-pieces of Greek and Roman literature were translated, and many with surprising spirit and accuracy. This is true of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with the minor Homeric poems, translated by the poet Chapman; of *Musæus*, translated by Marlowe; of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, translated by Arthur Golding; and of large parts of *Virgil*, as well as of *Horace* and *Martial* attempted by different scholars. Not only the great poets, however, but the orators, *Demosthenes*, *Isocrates*, and *Cicero*; the historians, *Thucydides* and *Livy*, *Sallust*,

Cæsar, and Tacitus; the moralists, Plutarch and Seneca; the rhetoricians and writers on natural history and science, were all translated during this period. Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics*, and parts of Plato, also appeared in an English dress.

With regard to the versions from Greek authors, it is true indeed that Thucydides, Aristotle's *Politics*, and Plutarch's *Lives* were translated immediately from the French. Of these, however, North's celebrated version of Plutarch has the idiomatic purity, vigour, and picturesqueness of an original English work, and occupies an enviable niche in our literary history as the mirror in which Shakespeare saw clearly reflected the grand proportions, heroic forms, and richly animated life of the old classic world. The translator of Aristotle's *Politics* states that he corrected the French version throughout by a comparison with the original Greek, though his own version has hardly profited to the extent that perhaps might have been expected from such a statement. The version of Thucydides is more archaic in form; and this is not to be wondered at, considering both the early date of its appearance and its authorship. It appeared in the middle of the century, having been published in 1550, and was executed by Thomas Nicolls, "cytezeine and golde-smyth of London." It has prefixed a special privilege from the young King, setting forth that "our faythfull well-beloved subject, Thomas Nicolls, cytezeine and golde-smyth of our cytie of London, hath not onely translated the hystorye wryttone by Thucydides the Athenian, out of Frenche into English, but also intendeth contynuing in that his vertuous exercise, thereby to reduce and bring other profytable hystories out of Frenche and Latin into our said maternall language, to the generall benefyt, comodytie, and profyt of all our loving subjectes, that shall well digeste the same." It is dedicated to Sir John Cheke, commemorated in Milton's well-known sonnet, and at that time the first Greek scholar in England, the author in the dedication praying him "not onelye with favour to accept this, the first my fruit in translayton, but also conferring it with the Greke, so to amend and correct in those places and sentences which your exact learning and knolaige shall judge meet to be altered and reformed." The translation fills a folio of 500 pages, and is, all things considered, respectably executed. But the fact that a London tradesman should have carefully translated an author like Thucydides, even from the French, though he seems also to have used the excellent Latin version of Laurentius Valla, well illustrates

the living interest in liberal studies that had grown up outside the universities, and which, with little direct academic help, was gradually diffused among the people, especially the mercantile, trading, and professional classes of the town populations. The universities, indeed, yielding to a tendency too common in such corporations, obstinately resisted the introduction of Greek as a new-fangled study, tried to expel the first teachers of the offensive tongue, and clung tenaciously as long as possible to their scholastic curriculum, in all its mediæval integrity. What the obscure monastic pedants of the universities were for a time characteristically slow to attempt, popular enthusiasm, with the help of a few liberal, enlightened, and industrious scholars, speedily accomplished. Before the end of the century, the substance of classical literature, the contents of the great masterpieces of antiquity, both in prose and verse, were placed within the reach of all who had any taste for letters, and could read their native tongue.

To meet the varied requirements of these translations, all the scattered and hitherto neglected elements of the language were not only called into requisition, but attained a certain degree of currency by being employed in works of general interest. All its accumulated stores of characteristic and expressive terms, provincial, archaic, colloquial, and professional, would obviously be required to render effectively such poets as Homer and Ovid, and such prose writers as Plutarch and Pliny. The influx of words during this period — some few exotics, but the great majority native — was indeed so great that no English lexicographer has been able even yet to collect and register them all. Nay, the works of a single industrious translator, Philemon Holland, master of the Coventry Grammar School, whose versions fill five or six dense folios, contain a mine of linguistic wealth which the recent labors of accomplished and zealous students, such as Archbishop Trenchard and Mr. Marsh, have not half explored. Not only the new literatures, however, but new discoveries and inventions, new ideas and conceptions, new aims and aspirations, new feelings, hopes, and imaginations, required new words and new combinations for their adequate expression. These requirements were fully met, and in a few years the language of reflection became as rich and copious as that of imagination. These accumulated materials of expressive diction prepared the way for the works of original genius and creative power that followed. The difficult task which Dante had to execute for himself, that of creating a literary

language out of a number of rustic dialects, Shakespeare found done to his hand. At the time when he entered on his dramatic career, the language was exactly in the state best fitted for all the purposes of the poet,—rich, various, and expressive, but still plastic to the touch, yielding readily to the impress of genius, and capable of being moulded into forms of exquisite beauty, grandeur, and power. His dramas illustrate the resources and capabilities, the matchless grace and loveliness, the fresh and exhilarating life, the muscular strength and sinewy flexibility, of the fully-formed English tongue. They exhibit the language in its perfect bloom and vigour, when for the first time it had become fully equal to all the demands of the thinker and the poet.

The period of the Revolution brought great changes to the language and the literature, and the change affected the language even more than the literature. Politically, it was a period of reaction after a violent and protracted struggle, towards the close of which, notwithstanding the gains and losses on either side, little real progress seemed to have been made. Not the licentious reaction of exhaustion and indifference that marked the Restoration, but the reaction of sobriety and vigilance natural to men tired of useless and disappointing experiments in government, and determined at all costs to establish the constitutional liberties of the country on a settled basis. But on its literary side the period retained and developed many of the characteristics impressed upon it at the Restoration. The domestic struggles incident to the peaceful revolution that changed the reigning dynasty, and the aggressive foreign policy it naturally produced, absorbed for a time the attention of the country, leaving its relaxed intellectual energies to follow the secondary influences of taste and fashion belonging to the Restoration period. During the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution, literature being no longer stirred by rational impulses, became an affair of society, of the Court, and of the town. Unfortunately, the monarch and his Court were total strangers to anything like national sentiment and patriotic feeling, having spent their lives abroad, and acquired French tastes and habits at the very time when France was both politically and intellectually almost supreme in Europe. This increased the effect which the brilliant literature of the French Augustan age would naturally have had upon our own in a season of lassitude and reaction. The corrupt taste of the Court naturally tended, moreover, to bring into vogue the more superfi-

cial, witty, and licentious forms of contemporary French literature, and for a time the literary favourites of the Court, in their loose songs, impudent comedy, and fantastic inflated tragedy, fell into a servile imitation of degraded French models.

Lord Macaulay has indeed suggested that the French fashions of the Court affected the diction as well as the spirit and characteristic forms of literature, and, after Johnson, has charged Dryden with introducing purely French terms into the vocabulary of the language. But the charge, while true to a certain extent of the fashionable conversation of the day, is inapplicable to any except the lowest class of writers, and least of all applies to the great chief of contemporary letters. The frivolous talk of fops and fine ladies was no doubt copiously interlarded with French terms, and Johnson's charge against Dryden is, that "with a vanity unworthy of his abilities," he introduced such terms into his writings, in order to show that he moved in high society. But in support of this sweeping censure he adduces only two instances, and these are wholly insufficient to prove any conscious or intentional departure from the thoroughly English diction which marks all his writings, both in prose and verse. It is true that Dryden occasionally uses French words, such as *bizarre*, *fanfaron*, and *nobless*; but he did not introduce them, the last being common to the Elizabethan writers, and used more than once by Shakespeare himself. With a thoroughly English instinct, indeed, he especially denounced and satirized the attempted corruption of the national speech by the reckless introduction of foreign words and phrases. In discussing the means of improving and refining the language, he condemns the motley speech in which exquisites and loungers who had crossed the Channel attempted to disguise their poverty of thought. "For I cannot approve of their way of refining, who corrupt our English idiom by mixing it too much with French; that is a sophistication of languages, not an improvement of it,—a turning English into French, rather than a refining of English by French. We meet daily with those fops, who value themselves on their travelling, and pretend they cannot express their meaning in English, because they would put off to us some French phrase of the last edition, without considering that, for aught they know, we have a better of our own; but these are not the men who are to refine us. Their talent is to prescribe fashions, not words; at best they are only serviceable to a writer, so as Ennius was to Virgil. We may *aurum æ*

stecore colligere, for 'tis hard 'if, amongst many insignificant phrases, there happen not something worth preserving, though they themselves, like Indians, know not the value of their own commodity." Again, in the comedy of *Marriage-à-la-Mode*, he introduces Melantha, an affected fine lady of the day, for the very purpose of ridiculing the vulgar rage for Gallicisms that infected the fashionable conversation of the time. The breadth and vigour of the exposure may be gathered from the following extract:—

"*Mel.* O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a most precious damsel, to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one phrase left in all my store that is not threadbare and usé, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to peasants.

"*Phil.* Indeed, madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation: but you have so drained all the French plays and romances, that they are not able to supply you with words for your daily expense.

"*Mel.* Drained? What a word's there! Epuisée, you sot you. Come, produce your morning's work.

"*Phil.* 'Tis here, madam. [*Shows the paper.*]

"*Mel.* O, my Venus! fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till night. Come, read your words, twenty to one half of 'em will not pass muster neither.

"*Phil. Sottises.*

[*Reads.*]

"*Mel. Sottises: bon.* That's an excellent word to begin withal: as for example: He or she said a thousand *sottises* to me. Proceed.

"*Phil. Figure:* as, What a figure of a man is there!

"*Mel. Naïve!* as how?

"*Phil.* Speaking of a thing that was naturally said: It was so *naïve*. Or such an innocent piece of simplicity: 'Twas such a *naïveté*.

"*Mel.* Truce with your interpretations. Make haste.

"*Phil. Foible, chagrin, grimace, embarrasse, double-entendre, équivoque, éclaircissement, suitté, beuve, façon, penchant, coup-d'étourdy, and ridicule.*

"*Mel.* Hold, hold; how did they begin?

"*Phil.* They began at *sottises*, and ended *en ridicule*.

"*Mel.* Now give me your paper in my hand, and hold you my glass, while I practise my postures for the day. [*Melantha laughs in the glass.*] How does that laugh become my face?

"*Phil.* Sovereignly well, madam.

"*Mel. Sovereignty?* Let me die, that's not amiss. That word shall not be yours: I'll invent it, and bring it up myself. My new

point gorget shall be yours upon't. Not a word of the word, I charge you.

"*Phil.* I am dumb, madam."

It will be seen that many of the terms and phrases in this extract, stigmatized by Melantha's maid as French gibberish, have passed into the language since Dryden's day, and are now in habitual use. *Foible, caprice, grimace, and ridicule*, for example, are good English words, constantly employed by the best writers, probably without any suspicion of their comparatively recent introduction. This is true of many other words emphasized as belonging to Melantha's foreign vocabulary, such as *tour, chagrin, amour, repartee, rally, and embarrass*. Of the last word, now so thoroughly English, Melantha says,—"Truce with your *douceurs*, good servant; you see I am addressing to the Princess; pray do not *embarrass* me—*embarrass* me! what a delicious French word do you make me lose upon you too!" Many more of Melantha's Gallicisms, such as *menage, devoir, spirituel, éclaircissement, naïveté, équivoque, and penchant*, if still retaining in form and accent traces of their foreign origin, are in themselves so convenient and expressive, and so far supported by authoritative use, as to be well entitled to sue out their naturalization, if they are not already naturalized. To say nothing of their occasional employment by good early writers, some of them are given by Johnson as English words, while all appear in later English dictionaries. Indeed, many of the terms condemned by Dryden as neologisms are freely used by Addison and Pope. This illustrates a well-known fact in the history of all languages, that foreign words, unanimously condemned as harsh and impure on their first introduction, ultimately find their way into the language, if any good reason exists for their admission. Dryden himself refers to this in the passage already quoted, in saying that it would be hard if, among many insignificant phrases, there should not be some worth preserving. None the less, however, is it the duty of a sound English critic to resist the introduction of foreign terms, especially when the tide of fashion sets strongly in their favour. The language is periodically exposed to wholesale adulteration from this source, and while no hostile criticism, however incisive and unsparing, can ultimately prevent useful additions being made to the vocabulary, it may be of the highest service in saving the national speech from the depraving effects of vulgar thoughtlessness and fashionable folly. In the first half of the present cen-

tury, for example, there was a marked tendency among a certain school of writers to introduce German compounds, and affect German idioms in their style and phraseology. In the judgment of many critics, the more recent danger is, that our national institutions may become Americanized, as it is called. At such a period the office of the English critic is to resist the dominant tendency, and Dryden, as guardian of the language, discharged his duty in this respect with characteristic energy, as well as with rare critical intelligence. No charge against him, therefore, can well be more unfounded or unjust than that of attempting deliberately to corrupt the vocabulary of his native tongue. But, while resisting the fashionable rage for Gallicisms, and thus preserving in its strength and purity the instrument of literature, he yielded almost completely to the vicious taste of the Court in the form and substance of at least one important section of his literary works. His numerous dramas, it must be confessed, illustrate some of the worst characteristics of contemporary French literature. In the stilted, unnatural sentiment and general didactic inflation of his rhymed tragedies, no less than in the colloquial shamelessness and indecency of his prose comedies, he deliberately followed the worst French models, and gratified to the full the depraved Court taste of the Restoration.

At the Revolution, with a purer Court, and the return of serious interests to the national mind, a better spirit prevailed, and the salutary working of the higher characteristic of French literature is apparent. This higher feature consisted in its critical spirit, not its critical theories, which were narrow and insufficient enough, but in the disposition to inquire into the grounds of literary excellence, — the effort to discover in all departments of intellectual activity rational canons of guidance and judgment. But this was so conformed to the temper of the English mind at the Revolution, and to the turn which English thought had taken, that the foreign influence during this period did little more than strengthen and confirm the dominant bias of the native literature. While the literature of Queen Anne's reign is of native growth, it is thus so far in sympathy with the literature on the other side of the Channel, that they have many characteristics in common. French literature, for example, like French life, has always been marked by its social, centralizing tendency. It is the literature of a special locality and a limited circle, produced by accomplished men living very

much together, a kind of scattered club resident in the metropolis; and this is pre-eminently true of its most brilliant period. If politically, according to the *mot* of Louis XIV., the King is the State, so, for all literary purposes, the capital is the country, Paris is France. In the same way, the English literature of the Revolution period has a masked social, centralized, or urban character. It is, as we have said, pre-eminently the literature of the town, and this fundamental characteristic greatly affects both its substance and its form. Such a literature would be largely occupied, for example, with light social criticism and humorous satire, with the witty exposure of fashionable follies, and the epigrammatic analysis of character and manners, with lively but superficial discussions on questions of literary taste and judgment. In a word, it would be, to a great extent, the literature of light didactic satire, of critical and colloquial essays both in prose and verse.

The limitation in the range of subjects and appeal would necessarily affect the language as well as the literature. As literature always employs the language of those it addresses, when restricted to the town it naturally adopted an urban vocabulary, the dialect of society, and of a highly artificial and conventional society. No doubt this dialect had many special virtues, and was admirably adapted for effective social criticism. It was perfectly intelligible, clear, and transparent as crystal, with an easy flow, epigrammatic sparkle, and antithetical emphasis that excited the reader's attention, and kept up his interest by mere force of style, even when there was nothing in the thought to stimulate the intellect. But notwithstanding these virtues, the fashionable dialect was wanting in copiousness and variety, in imaginative range and reflective depth, as well as in tender and profound emotional expressiveness. Here again in the language we have a feature which, if not directly due to French influence, approximates the English writing of the time to the French type. As the literature of Queen Anne's time may be fairly said to have the virtues and vices of the best French literature, so the language has the excellences and defects of the highly wrought French tongue. While clear, spirited, and polished, it was at the same time marked by the comparative poverty of its poetical and reflective vocabulary. To what an extent this is true, even at the best period of Revolution literature, may be seen by comparing the vocabulary of Addison and Pope with the vocabulary of

Shakespeare and Bacon. With all the irresistible charm of Addison's style, his luminous simplicity and grace, his purity, ease, and elegance of diction, it is impossible not to feel that his power of expression, however perfect within its range, is extremely limited both as to depth and extent. The great writers of the Elizabethan age, roused by commanding national impulses, and appealing to an awakened and excited people, used the entire national speech with the utmost freedom and confidence, counting none of its elements common or unclean. But the courtly poets and essayists of Queen Anne's reign, yielding to the dominant critical tendency of their day, were fastidious in their choice of words, weeding their vocabulary not only of all obsolete and provincial, but of all obsolescent, unusual, and inharmonious terms and compounds. Any words not directly sanctioned by current use, no matter how vernacular and expressive they might be, were at once rejected.

This so-called improvement of the language had begun in Dryden's day, and he himself took an active part in forwarding the work, as well as in vindicating against cavillers its reality and importance. Whilst he protested vigorously, as we have seen, against the needless introduction of foreign terms, he was almost equally severe against the retention of the more archaic and obsolescent element of his native tongue. In the *Epilogue*, one of his most extravagant heroic plays, he thus pronounces judgment on the dramatists of the Elizabethan age:—

"They who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
And as their comedy, their love was mean,
Except by chance in some one laboured scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped,
And they have kept it since, by being dead.

If love and honour now are higher raised,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is praised.
Wit's now arrived to a more high degree,
Our native language more refined and free,
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation than those poets writ."

And in an elaborate prose defence of the *Epilogue* he deliberately maintains that the language of the Restoration dramatists, including of course his own, is superior in grace, refinement, and expressiveness, to that of even the best dramatists of the preceding age, such as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Fletcher. This superiority mainly

consisted, he tells us, in rejecting such old words and phrases as were ill-sounding and improper, and admitting others more proper, more sounding, and more significant. He claims it as a special merit for the writers of his own age, that they had not merely rejected words antiquated by custom, and without any fault of theirs, as the refinement in that case would be accidental only, but whatever in the poetical vocabulary of the previous age they deemed ill-sounding and inappropriate. Curiously enough too, he brings the charge of employing a harsh, semi-barbarous, and obsolete dialect specially against Shakespeare and Fletcher, two of the most harmonious and musical writers in the language. Those who know only the just and discriminating estimate of Shakespeare given by Dryden in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, will hardly be prepared for the disparaging terms in which he speaks of him when defending himself and his brother dramatists from the attacks of contemporary criticism. On the point of language, with which we are concerned, he delivers himself as follows:—

"But, malice and partiality set apart, let any man who understands English read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are revered when we are not forgiven. That their wit is great, and many times their expressions noble, envy itself cannot deny. But the times were ignorant in which they lived. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its full vigour and maturity. Witness the lameness of their plots, many of which, especially those which they writ first—for even that age refined itself in some measure—were made up of some ridiculous, incoherent story. I suppose I need not name *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, and the historical plays of Shakespeare, besides many of the rest, as the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment. . . . But these absurdities which those poets committed may more properly be called the age's fault than theirs. For, besides the want of education and learning, which was their particular unhappiness, they wanted the benefit of converse. Their audiences knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the golden age of poetry have only this reason for it, that they were then content with acorns."

Dryden very prudently makes no direct attempt to prove the charge of being rude, obsolete, and obscure, which he brings so freely against Shakespeare's language. But

he makes an indirect attempt to establish his position, which is worth notice, as showing how incompetent he really was to discuss the question. It was the fashion amongst the playwrights and critics of the Restoration to place Ben Jonson above all his contemporaries as the great master of correct and laboured comedy. He is always spoken of as learned, careful, and judicious, and the scholarly elaboration of his dramatic art is contrasted with Shakespeare's careless fertility of nature. Dryden attempts to establish his sweeping charge against the Elizabethan dramatists, by showing that even Ben Jonson's language is not unfrequently harsh and inaccurate, the conclusion being, that if a writer so careful and learned is found continually tripping, errors of all kinds must be expected in such ignorant and indifferent authors as Shakespeare and Fletcher. Dryden, indeed, formally draws this inference, and on the strength of it excuses himself from specifying any of the errors and solecisms to be found, as he tells us, in every page of Shakespeare's works. After specifying some of Jonson's alleged mistakes, "what correctness, after this," he asks, "can be expected from Shakespeare or from Fletcher, who wanted that learning and care which Jonson had? I will therefore spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults, who had they lived now, had doubtless written more correctly. I suppose it will be enough for me to affirm, as I think I safely may, that these and like errors, which I taxed in the most correct of the last age, are such into which we do not ordinarily fall." The trouble, however, of specifying some of Shakespeare's errors was by no means so superfluous, as the examples from Jonson, on which he rests his whole charge against the Elizabethan dramatists, are all blunders. Instead of convicting Jonson of error, they simply convict his critic of ignorance. Seven instances of alleged error are given, but in each case Jonson is right and Dryden wrong. With regard to words, Dryden absurdly censures the use of *ire* as an archaism, an antiquated word; and the use of *port* in the sense of *gate*, as a novelty and "affected error," opposed to the English idiom, and introduced by Jonson in the spirit of mere pedantry. The fact is that *ire*, in place of being at all obsolete or antiquated, was freely used by Dryden's contemporaries, and even by himself, and that *port*, in the sense of *gate*, so far from being introduced by Jonson, is constantly used by Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers, and was a good English word for a century at least before Jonson was born.

Of grammatical errors he specifies the use of *be* in the plural for *are*, the double comparative, and the use of *one* in the plural *ones*, all of which, it need hardly be said, are amply supported by authoritative use up to Dryden's day, and the last continuously down to our own time. The remaining instance, illustrating, according to Dryden, errors both of etymology and syntax, is as follows:—

"Just men,
Though heaven should speak with all his wrath
at once,
That with his breath the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright and un-
feared."

His is ill syntax with *heaven*, and by *unfeared* he means *unafraid*, words of a quite contrary signification." With regard to *his*, it is strange that Dryden should have been unaware that it was the regular possessive of the neuter pronoun, *its* being a comparatively modern formation, not generally used by good writers until after the Restoration. But it is clear that he was ignorant of this fact, which must have been in his own day a tolerably obtrusive one, as he raises the same objection against a previous passage, stigmatizing *his*—*his ire*—applied to a thunder-cloud, as a "false construction." It is almost equally strange that, having studied parts of Chaucer, and read with some care many of Shakespeare's plays, he should not have known that the English verb *fear*, like the Anglo-Saxon verb from which it is deprived, was constantly used in the transitive sense of to frighten or terrify, and that *unfeared* in the sense of *unafraid* is therefore a perfectly legitimate compound.

The truth is, Dryden could not but perceive that there was a great difference between the poetic diction of his own day and that of the Elizabethan writers, and without having any definite or critical knowledge of the subject, he hastily concluded that the change was altogether for the better. This would be rendered all the more plausible from the fact that there was a marked improvement in some kinds of poetry, such as didactic satire and translation, in which he himself excelled. While even in his hands the drama had fallen so low, there is a vigour, a concentration and expressiveness about Dryden's poetical satires and translations that such works had not previously possessed. With the sure instinct of a masculine intellect and robust literary nature, he had seized the most expressive elements of current English, and turned them to admirable account in these works, and, with a pardonable self-love, he tried to maintain that the improvement extended to all de-

partments of poetry. He knew that the dramatic vocabulary of his own day was greatly restricted, that it had lost the copiousness, variety, and luxuriance of the Elizabethan drama, and he persisted in regarding the restriction as an improvement. Under the stimulus of foreign influences and foreign example, he had moreover vague notions of refining the language by subjecting it to the formal revision of a central authority or academy, and at one time actually proposed a plan for carrying the notion into effect. The French language had been permanently impoverished by this process of so-called refinement, and yielding almost unconsciously to the contagion of French classical theories and French academic influence, Dryden was anxious that the English language should be subjected to the same process and share the same fate.

Addison sympathized even more fully with French tastes and French classical theories of criticism. He was naturally, too, more refined and fastidious than Dryden, and his diction accordingly is more limited and select. He has far less acquaintance, moreover, with the great Elizabethan writers who had displayed in such noble forms the full resources of the language. From the evidence of his writings it seems indeed very doubtful whether he had ever read Shakespeare at all, or had any knowledge of his writings beyond a theatre-going acquaintance with one or two of his best-known plays. Mr. De Quincey broadly asserts that no reference to Shakespeare is to be found in Addison's writings.

"In particular," he says, "we shall here proclaim a discovery which we made twenty years ago. We, like others, from seeing frequent references to Shakespeare in the *Spectator*, had acquiesced in the common belief that, although Addison was no doubt profoundly unlearned in Shakespeare's language, and thoroughly unable to do him justice, yet that of course he had a vague popular knowledge of the mighty poet's cardinal dramas. Accident only led us into a discovery of our mistake. Twice or thrice we had observed, that if Shakespeare were quoted, that paper turned out not to be Addison's; and at length by express examination we ascertained the curious fact, that Addison has never in one instance quoted or made any reference to Shakespeare."

This statement is however altogether inaccurate, and the alleged discovery no discovery at all, Addison having quoted and criticized Shakespeare in the *Spectator*, as well as referred to him in some of his other writings. In his paper on "Stage Devices for Exciting Pity," he quotes a long extract from the ghost scene in *Hamlet*, and speaks of the

appearance of the ghost as "a masterpiece of its kind, wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror." And in a previous paper on English tragedy, as well as in his criticism of Milton, he repeats the commonplace Restoration reproach against Shakespeare, that his thoughts are often obscured "by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed." But Addison's writings contain no evidence of his having possessed any but the most superficial knowledge of Shakespeare — the kind of knowledge naturally derived from seeing on the stage two or three of his more popular tragedies, "curtailed, adapted, and improved," by such dealers in turgid sentiment and tawdry ornamentation as Tate and Lee. It is a noteworthy fact that many of the most accomplished and popular writers of the time, such as Addison and Shaftesbury, author of the *Characteristics*, hardly ever refer to Shakespeare except to point out his defects, or openly sneer at his "rude, unpolished style, and antiquated phrase and wit." The truth is, all the dominant literary influences of the time were classical; either directly classical, flowing from the study of Greek and Roman writers, or indirectly classical, filtered through contemporary French literature. And these influences, while favourable to critical nicety, as well as to a certain finish and completeness in the imitative and secondary forms of literature, were unfavourable not only to the development of original genius, but to its appreciation in forms so unlike the approved types of classical excellence as the passionate dramas and romantic epics of the Elizabethan age. Addison represents these influences to the full, working under the most favourable conditions, and his choice vocabulary, his limited selection of words, must be regarded as an indirect criticism of the license of the older writers.

His direct references to language indicate the same verbal fastidiousness in the direction both of the old and the new. In his celebrated criticism of *Paradise Lost*, for example, he censures Milton for employing words and phrases too mean, familiar, and poor for poetic use. Of this alleged defect the following is the chief instance, the italics being Addison's own: —

"Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumphy,
Here pilgrims roam." — Bk. iii. 474.

Here the words in italics are objected to as mean and familiar. But the real question for criticism is not whether they are familiar, but whether they are appropriate and ex-

pressive; and this is soon answered. Nothing, surely, could be more appropriate than for the poet to follow the universal custom in designating the different colours of their dress. In no other way could he at once so briefly and vividly bring the motley groups before the reader's mind. The main force of Addison's objection to the passage is however most likely to be found in the word *trumpery*, which he knew probably only in its secondary sense, in its more trivial and ludicrous associations,—the sense in which he himself uses it in the *Spectator*, as applying to mere fashionable vanities, to empty and worthless display. But in its primary meaning as a English word, as well as in its authoritative use for a century before Milton wrote, it had a deeper, more serious, and special signification. While it always carried with it the notion of parade and display, the parade and display were always made for the special purpose of craft and deception. It thus involved the idea of hollowness and imposture, and it was specially applied to the expedients, sleights and devices,—the vestments, genuflections, and ritualistic machinery of religious imposture. This central notion of fabrication and imposture is still retained in the verb to *trump up*, as when we say of some plausible but baseless narrative palmed off for purposes of deception, "it is a *trumped up* story." Like the French word from which it is derived, and its German cognates, the leading idea of the term is that of deception by means of hollow, worthless display, either to the senses or the mind. Thus, in Hackluyt's voyages, the writer, describing a Mohametan prophet or impostor, says, "He carried in his hand 'a flagge or streamer set on a short spear painted,' and at his back 'a mat, bottles, and other *trumpery*.'" Again, in a popular theological work published during Milton's youth, we have, "The proudest Pharisee that ever shoud to the Lord all the pedlar's pack of the *trumpery* of his own justitiarie workes, we have him in the temples as busy as a bee praying, or prating at the least." And Bishop Hall, referring expressly to the Romish ceremonial, exclaims, "What a world of fopperies these are, of crosses, of candles, of holy water, and salt and censings! Away with these *trumperies*." A good example of its early use in the sense of craft or treachery occurs in the preface to Raleigh's *History of the World*. After commemorating the various unlawful means, the schemes of policy and violence, of fraud and force, by which ambitious English princes had seized the crown, and dwelling in detail on the stratagems and treacheries of Richard III.,

the diabolical cunning of his policy, and his ruthless murders, the author begins his summing up with the sentence, "Now as we have told the successe of the *trumperies* and *cruelties* of our own kings and our great personages, so we find that God is everywhere the true God." And again in the sixth chapter, referring to the corruptions of the Biblical story of creation to be found amongst Pagan traditions, he says, "The Greeks, and other more ancient nations, by fabulous inventions, and by breaking into parts the story of the creation, and by delivering it over in a mystical sense, wrapping it up mixed with their own *trumperie*, have sought to obscure the truth thereof." Now, considering the light in which Milton regarded the tawdry Romish ceremonial, and the solemn masquerade of its monkish orders, no single word probably could have been applied to them at once so compendious, descriptive, and appropriate as the word *trumpery*. At the close of the passage from which the extract is taken, the full significance of the allusion is expanded in harmony with the central meaning of the word as follows:—

'And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues
away,
Into the devious air. Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers,
tost
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds; all these upwhirled aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod."—Bk.
iii. 484-97.

In a further criticism of the same passage, Addison again unconsciously reveals his ignorance of the great writers of the previous age. He suggests that Milton fabricated the word *hermit* out of *hermit* for the convenience of his verse. But the form "eremite," so far from being peculiar to Milton, is in common use amongst the Elizabethan writers. In the same criticism he tells us that there are in Milton's great poem several words of his own coining, and gives *embryon* and *miscreated* as illustrations. Both are however to be found in the Elizabethan poets, the latter being used by Shakespeare himself, as well as by Spenser in his "Faëry Queene."

The limitation of Addison's urban dialect is further seen in his urging as a fault in

Milton's style the use of such technical terms as *Doric pillars*, *cornice*, *frieze*, and *architrave*, in the description of buildings, and such phrases as *dropping from the zenith*, and *culminating from the equator*, in describing the appearance of shooting stars and the sun's noonday rays. In objecting to such words and phrases, Addison clearly has no perception of the true law with regard to the literary use of technical terms. A poet is at perfect liberty to employ descriptive words of this kind if they have passed into general use, and so far lost their purely technical character as to be at once understood by all intelligent readers. The words and phrases condemned by Addison as unfit for poetry belong to this class. With regard to the architectural terms, *architrave* is perhaps the only one retaining anything of a specially technical character. But Pope does not consider even this term of art too technical for poetical use, as the following lines show:—

"Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On *Doric pillars* of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an *architrave* of antique mould
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold."

Frieze again occurs in one of Shakespeare's best-known and most beautiful passages, celebrated by Sir Joshua Reynolds as a fine example of what in painting is called *repose*—the short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo as they approach Macbeth's castle:—

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, *frieze*,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle."

With regard to the astronomical terms and phrases objected to by Addison the same reply is to be made. All of them, and many others of a like nature, are in common use amongst the poets, and especially amongst the more distinguished of Addison's own day, Dryden being specially fond of astronomical allusions.

Addison applies the same restrictive rule not only to words and phrases of comparatively recent introduction, but which from their convenience had already come into general use. In a lively *Spectator* paper he complains of a jargon of French phrases describing military operations, and introduced by the late war, which are now to be found in every newspaper and gazette, as well as in conversation and private letters; and he gives as specimens of them, — *reconnoiter*, *pontoon*, *defile*, *marauding*, *corps*,

gasconade, *carte blanche*, *fosse*, and *ommandant*. He virtually admits, however, that the protest against these and other neologisms was too late in emphasizing the fact of their universal use. Many of them were indeed employed as good English terms by more than one of his own literary contemporaries.

Pope had the keenest natural instinct for language, and as a natural result of his active poetical labours, his range of expression is wider than Addison's. He is more tolerant both of the older and newer elements of expressive diction; and with all their exquisite finish, there are words and phrases to be found in his poems which Addison would probably never have used. But a poet cannot wholly dissociate himself from the dominant influences around him; and Pope still reflects the relative limitation that marks the literary and poetical vocabulary of his day. In a criticism of Phillip's *Pastorals*, for example, he censures the words *sheen*, *whilom*, *welkin*, *younglings*, *nurselings*, *witless*, as antiquated English; and elsewhere he condemns as archaic, *emprise*, *nathless*, *dulcet*, *paynim*, and *umbrageous*, with other words and phrases still belonging to the poetical vocabulary of the language. On the other hand, in the preface to his translation of Homer, he rejects amongst other terms the word *campaign* as too modern to be used in an epic poem.

Johnson's vocabulary and style constitute an indirect criticism of the language quite as one-sided as Addison's, though in a very different direction. In his horror of colloquial barbarisms and anxiety to avoid a too familiar style of writing, he adopted the over-Latinized swelling and sonorous diction that is identified with his name. In the words of Dryden criticizing the style of his namesake, Ben Jonson, "he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them, wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours." But, unlike Addison, he could relish styles wholly different from his own, and appreciate forms of literary and poetical excellence opposed to the current taste of his day, and in many cases openly condemned by its more artificial canons of literary judgment. His defence of Shakespeare's dramatic art against the charge of being rude, irregular, and incongruous, urged by classical purists and pedants on both sides of the Channel, shows a much wider range of critical insight than was common at the time. But in dealing

critically with language he does not always show an equal freedom from contemporary prejudice, and some of his incidental criticisms of Shakespeare's diction strongly illustrate the exclusive notions that prevailed. To enforce the criticism that poetry is degraded, and the reader's mind alienated and disquieted by low and mean expressions, he takes the following examples:—

"When Macbeth is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural to a murderer—

'Come thick night,

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!'

In this passage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment and animates matter. Yet perhaps scarce any man now peruses it without some disturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the presence of night, invested not in common obscurity, but in the smoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable, and *dun* night may come and go without any other notice than contempt."

That Johnson should have been capable of thus deliberately attributing to her husband Lady Macbeth's celebrated soliloquy, shows, perhaps, a less intimate acquaintance with the play than might have been fairly expected from an author who had recently published a criticism of it, and already issued proposals for a new edition of Shakespeare. But apart from this, the criticism itself is singularly unfortunate. The names of colours have in themselves no inherent dignity or meanness, but depend for their suggestive significance on the object to which they are applied, and Johnson might just as pertinently have objected to this particular colour because it is associated in popular sayings, as well as poetry, and that even by Shakespeare himself, with the "magnanimous mouse." With regard to the word *dun*, the truth is that, so far from being unfit for poetical use, it is habitually employed by our best poets to paint a dusky brown or dark grey, the heavy mixture of white and black with a faint tinge of colour. Thus Chaucer applies it to the eagle's feathers, other writers to the dark marbled hue of the sea-lion, the larger kind of seal, and others to the dusky tinge belonging to natives of the East. But the word has a special appropriateness in this passage, because it is chiefly used in poetry to describe

heavy masses of moving cloud, especially as seen in the obscurity of dawn or evening, when faint light begins to fleck the darkened east, or the sombre west "still glimmers with some streaks of day." Chaucer uses it to describe the gloaming, and Milton, both in *Comus* and in *Paradise Lost*, to picture the deepening shades of night. From its use in this connection *dun* was very naturally employed to describe the dense rolling columns of artificial cloud produced by the sulphurous smoke of hidden fires, and of its application in this sense, the same as Shakespeare's, we have many good examples in modern poetry. Thus in Bowles' *Battle of the Nile*—

"But now the mingled fight

Begins its awful strife again;

Through the *dun* shades of night

Along the darkly-heaving main

Is seen the frequent flash:

And many a tow'ring mast with dreadful crash

Rings falling: Is the scene of slaughter o'er?

Is the death-cry heard no more?

Lo! where the East a glimm'ring freckle streaks,
Slow o'er the shadowy wave the grey dawn
breaks."

And in the better known poem of *Hohenlinden*—

"Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun

Can pierce the war-clouds rolling *dun*,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,

Shout in their sulph'rous canopy."

A similar reply may be made to a further criticism of Johnson's on the same passage. "We cannot surely," he says, "but sympathize with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his master, his friend, his benefactor, who suspects that the weapon will refuse its office, and start back from the breast which he is preparing to violate. Yet this sentiment is weakened by the name of an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employments. We do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*; or who does not at last, from the long habit of connecting a knife with sordid offices, feel aversion rather than terror?" It need hardly be said to those who know anything of our early poetry, that the word *knife* is employed in exactly the same way, to designate the instrument of the murderer, by Chaucer, and continually by Spenser, to say nothing of its abundant use by Shakespeare's contemporaries, the Elizabethan dramatists. It has, moreover, a peculiar appropriateness, being from its facilities of concealment, specially employed in connexion with stealthy crime, with swift and treacherous assassination. Shakespeare

himself speaks more than once of "treason's knife," "treason's secret knife," and in Lady Macbeth's terrible invocation no other word could be substituted for it without weakening the effect of the passage. But from want of familiarity with the truth and freshness of our earlier poetry, these, and numberless other simple and expressive terms, had lost their special significance even to the more cultivated readers, not only of Johnson's time, but of the whole period to which he belonged. Even Dryden, for example, seems to have a fellow-feeling with Johnson in his objection to the poetical use of the word *knife*, for in remodeling Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, he substitutes the word *sword* for it, and the change must be assumed to rank amongst the improvements which he claims to have effected in Shakespeare's language. In the preface to his revision, Dryden says, "I undertook to remove the heaps of rubbish with which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried;" adding, "I need not say that I have refined his language, which before was obsolete." The passages in question are worth quoting as a specimen of the manner in which Dryden did his work, and as throwing light on the taste and feeling of the time, as represented by its foremost poet and critic. In Shakespeare, Troilus says—

"I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, 'She is fair;'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart,
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft
seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—This thou
tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But saying this, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
me,
The *knife* that made it."

This exquisite passage is improved and "refined" by Dryden as follows:—

"Oh, Pandarus, when I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love, thou answer'st she is fair;
Praisest her eyes, her stature, and her wit;
But praising these instead of oil and palm,
Thou lay'st in every wound *her* love has given
me,
The *sword* that made it."

In Shakespeare the two last lines are a grand personification of intense elemental feeling, expressed in the simplest, most di-

rect, and poignant words. According to the commonplace poetical machinery, Cupid is said to pierce the susceptible bosom with his arrows, but this cold and distant fancy pales before the white heat of Troilus' passion, and love, transformed to a mortal foe, armed with the murderer's weapon, rushes on his defenceless victim, and with reiterated stabs gashes the suffering heart. But in Dryden's version, the whole force of the conception, as well as the fire of his words, is lost, by the mere introduction of the pronoun, and, the passion gone, the further changes simply reduce the concentrated utterance of intense emotion to a conventional sentiment clothed in incongruous phrase. This illustrates the process of improving Shakespeare's diction by excluding common words "connected with sordid offices," which found favour not only with the dramatists of the Restoration, who could hardly be expected to appreciate the language of real passion, but to a certain extent with Johnson himself. At least, as we have seen, Johnson unites with critics of the same age and school in condemning the use of such terms. The great critic was indeed haunted with the notion, common to many of his immediate predecessors, of refining and fixing the language so as finally to exclude all rustic and vulgar elements from the authorized vocabulary of the lettered and polite. Dryden, as we have seen, had a vague idea of establishing an academy for this purpose, and Swift formally addressed a letter to the Earl of Oxford, suggesting that, as a member of the Government, he should take the initiative in devising some means for "ascertaining and fixing the language *for ever*, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite." This notion of circumscribing the language within some artificial boundary was indeed the dominant conception on the subject of the whole period, from the days of Dryden, who reigned at its commencement, to those of Johnson, who saw its close, and whose Dictionary, the partial realization of his original plan, was published about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Early in the second half of the eighteenth century the tide of conventional restriction began almost imperceptibly to turn. In the works of Collins, Goldsmith, and Thompson, the despotic influences of the town and the Court are somewhat relaxed, and there is, at least, a partial return to the simplicity of nature—to the varied charm of rural sights and sounds, and the moving realities of a more homely human experience. The works of Percy, Crabbe, Cowper, and Burns fed the rising tide until the

fountains of the great deep were once more broken up by the French Revolution following the American War. The criticism of the eighteenth century, cold and negative as it sometimes appeared, had at length done its work, and a work of unexpected magnitude it proved to be. It struck a mortal blow at theories of feudal privileges and divine right, which had become prolific sources of evil; and gradually undermined the despotic institutions that were fatal barriers to human progress, until at last they fell with a crash, and there swept over them the wild tumultuous tide of emancipated humanity. These great events stirred the intellect and heart, not only of England but of Europe. But one of the most striking effects on our literature of this moral upheaval is the exuberance of original poetic genius that marked the opening decades of the present century. The names of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, not to mention others of equal rank though of more recent fame, represent an age of original imaginative power and productiveness second only to the Elizabethan. The literary influence of the profound reaction produced by the critical movement of the eighteenth century has however been often traced, and in its general outline is tolerably well known to the majority of intelligent readers. But, as in the case of the Elizabethan period, the influence on the national speech of this great original movement of the national mind has never yet been carefully analyzed, and only noticed at all in a very partial and imperfect manner. As might, however, have been expected from the circumstances of the case, the movement had a direct and powerful influence on the vocabulary of the language. The change is, moreover, well worth detailed notice, both for its own sake, and for the sake of the deeper tendencies and characteristics of the modern period of which it is a striking sign and index. Though, like all natural developments, gradual and for the most part unperceived, it nevertheless represents a revolution in resources of literary and current English, greater than any that had taken place since the formation of the language, with the exception of the Elizabethan era. As the causes affecting the national mind in the two periods were to some extent similar, so there is a likeness in the effects. In both, the national intellect was roused by the commanding impulse of great public events, the national heart stirred to its depths by fresh interests and more generous sympathies, and the national imagination quickened by the exciting stimulus of new and

glorious hopes. But in the modern period the national movement had a wider sweep, and was naturally of a more self-conscious and reflective character. Towards the close of the sixteenth century the dominant feeling was a national one, the strong desire to secure and maintain complete independence, — scope for the free manifestation of the nation's energies, and the full development of its civil and ecclesiastical life. But at the end of the eighteenth century, wider thoughts and sympathies, quickened by the stirring of new life in other lands than our own, modified the isolated conception of nationality that had hitherto ruled the English mind with undisputed sway. Under the liberalizing stimulus of larger vital interests, the limited notion of nationality, of national welfare as an exclusive end, broadened, deepened, and expanded into that of humanity at large. The more open, sensitive, and eager minds of the time, as well as the more far-seeing and reflective, were stirred with a truer and more enlarged notion of liberty and justice as the indispensable conditions of real progress everywhere. They were kindled to righteous indignation against bondage of every kind, social and political, intellectual and spiritual, and keenly sympathized with the rising struggles of long oppressed European peoples to throw off the yoke of hereditary despotic rule, and secure for themselves the national liberty and independence essential to the development of higher individual character and progressive national life.

This new conception of nations being bound together by common interests and relationships, soon enriched our own language with a new word for its expression. Coleridge justly says that any new word expressing a fact or relationship, not expressed by any other word in the language, is a new organ of thought; and this is true of the term *international*, a coinage of our own century, which aptly expresses one of its most characteristic and operative conceptions. We are now so familiar with the term, and the idea it expresses, that it is difficult to realize fully the extreme recentness of both. Hardly any conception is however at once more thoroughly novel, and more expressive of the modern spirit, than that represented by the term *international*. For though the word, it is true, does not necessarily denote friendly interests and relationships, it was originally introduced to express them, and since its introduction has been largely used for the same purpose. It was not, indeed, until the perception of common interests and connexions between nations had risen into

importance, and occupied the attention of public writers and speakers, that the want of a term to express them was generally felt or adequately supplied. A more advanced phase of the same conception is expressed by another word, wholly new, and less suited, perhaps, to the genius of the language, but which, nevertheless, has already passed into reputable use, and will, probably, on account of its convenience, be ultimately adopted. This is the word *solidarity*, as in the phrase "solidarity of the peoples," first popularized by Kossuth during his visit to this country after the revolutionary movement of 1848. It is employed to denote the essential community of interest and obligation between nations, to express the fact that different peoples, so far from being, according to the traditional view, rivals and antagonists, are one in the higher conditions of welfare and progress, have common duties and responsibilities, and, as members of the same family, ought to unite in efforts for the promotion of the common good; or, to vary the metaphor, as soldiers fighting under the same banner share together the hardships and perils to be encountered in securing the triumph of the common cause.

This expansion of social and political interests had a powerful intellectual effect, and helped directly to widen the horizon in every department of inquiry, in history and philosophy, science and literature. In pure literature the effect was perhaps most immediately seen in the opening up of fresh and living sources of interest in every department of imaginative activity. The poets, in particular, looked at nature and human life no longer through the medium of books and traditional representations, of artificial lights and conventional draperies, but face to face; and in the growing light and kindling rapture of that open vision, the whole universe of life, including its most familiar objects and experiences, was completely transfigured. The obscuring veil of custom was rent, the indurating scales of indifference fell away, and this godly frame, the earth, o'er-canopied with this majestic roof, "fretted with golden fire," and peopled by this quintessence of breathing dust, so noble in reason and infinite in faculty, appeared once more, as it ever does to the purified and observant eye, in all the dewy freshness and beauty of a new creation. The multitude of new thoughts and feelings and experiences arising from this quickened creative activity of the intellect, imagination, and affections, demanded to some extent, at least, a new vehicle for their full and appropriate expres-

sion. The limited vocabulary of the satirical and didactic poetry of the eighteenth century was, in fact, almost ludicrously inadequate to the larger wants and requirements of the lyrical, descriptive, and dramatic poets of the nineteenth. Some of its more conventional elements were moreover unsuitable from their artificial character. Hence Wordsworth's vigorous protest against "what is usually called poetic diction," the adulterated phraseology arising from a lavish but wholly mechanical use of figures of speech and stereotyped metaphorical phrases, as simply a hindrance and a snare to the true poet of nature.

Throwing aside this useless lumber, the representatives of the new and natural school of poetry sought in all directions, wherever they could be found, the materials of a more simple and expressive, as well as of a more rich, copious, and varied imaginative diction. Some, like Wordsworth and Southey, recalled to poetical use the homely but significant terms belonging to the dialect of rustic and common life. Others, like Coleridge and Keats, passing over the uncongenial school of the previous century, betook themselves to the living study of the Elizabethan poets, especially Spenser and Shakespeare, and in their own writings recalled to use many picturesque expressions belonging to that noble school. Others, like Scott and even Byron, roamed at will amongst the literary treasures of the past, visiting the byways as well as the highways of poetic literature, and enriching their vocabulary from various sources, but especially from the fugitive lyrical and ballad poetry north and south of the Tweed. The modern lyrical poets, Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, and a number of less distinguished bards, such as Leyden, Bowles, and Clare, Beattie, Graham, and Wilson, fed their poetical feeling from the same living springs, and helped in the same way to vitalize the vehicle of their poetic art. From these various sources large additions to the plastic medium of poetry were gradually made; and in the first quarter of the century a stream of expressive words from the older language of feeling and imagination passed into our current speech. In the second quarter of the century, this process of enriching the language by recalling to use its neglected stores of expressive diction has been carried still further by a new generation of poets and writers of fiction. This important work of reflective expansion is still actively going forward, and as the result of it we have now in use hundreds, and even thousands, of words that were neglected or unknown during the greater

part of the eighteenth century. The fact of such a movement, at least in one of its most important directions, has, however, been called in question and virtually denied by some critics of authority. The late Professor Craik, for example, who was on many grounds well entitled to speak on such a question, says, in discussing this very subject and period — the diction of the last half-century — that when a word has, from whatever cause, dropped out of use, it seems "nearly as impossible to recall it to a really living and working condition as to raise the dead in any other case." And he concludes with the broad statement that "very little of genuine revivification has ever been accomplished in human speech;" adding, "You will sooner introduce into a language a hundred or a thousand new words than you will re-establish in the general acceptance ten old ones that have been some time thrown aside." What is here suggested with regard to the ease with which new words are introduced is no doubt true. During the last half-century our vocabulary has been enlarged by the addition of a vast number of words and fresh forms.

In particular, the inherent vitality of the language has been vindicated by the formation of a number of new and expressive compounds that have already passed into general use, and enriched the resources of literary and current English. But the largest additions of all have been made from the very sources which Professor Craik regards as least likely to furnish any, — the nervous diction of older thinkers and poets. We venture to say, as the result of a somewhat careful and prolonged study of the materials essential to a judgment on the question, that the words from this source — from the more archaic and obsolescent element of the language — added to the vocabulary during the present century, must be numbered not by tens but by hundreds, if not by tens of hundreds. This is a sweeping assertion, but it admits of detailed and rigorous proof. The details of this proof, however, it would be impossible to comprise even in outline within the already exhausted space of the present article, and they must therefore be reserved for a subsequent paper.

PAPAVERIN IN MENTAL AFFECTIONS. — The following conclusions have been derived by Dr. Leidesdorf and Dr. Breslau from investigation made into the sedative and soporific action of papaverin on lunatics: — 1. Papaverin acts upon man as a soporific. 2. It lowers the muscular power, and, for this reason, is beneficial in mania. 3. It diminishes the frequency of the pulse, both in cases where this depends upon violent muscular action, and in melancholic subjects who keep quiet. 4. The sedative action of papaverin is not preceded by a stage of excitement. 5. It does not produce, whether applied subcutaneously or internally, any vertigo or cerebral disturbance; it does not cause constipation, but in many cases has a contrary action. 6. The subcutaneous administration of hydrochlorate of papaverin does not cause any prejudicial action at the seat of injection, or in the neighbouring parts. 7. The action of papaverin is, as a rule, manifested slowly, from four to seven hours, in most cases, after the injection; and its power is not quite spent until after from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. 8. Papaverin acts effectually in cases where opium and morphia, even in large doses, have been administered without effect. 9. A toleration of this remedy does not take place early, and an increase in the dose is not required even after a prolonged use. 10. Papaverin acts as a palliative in cases of mental excitement, mania, and loss of sleep; on the mental affection, or

rather on the morbid processes on which this depends, it exerts no direct perceptible influence. 11. The improvement in the nutrition of the patients, which takes place in many instances after a long-continued use of papaverin, depends upon the greater tranquillity and the restoration of sleep. — *Vierteljahrsschrift für Psychiatrie.*

*Recollections of the West** is the title of a not uninteresting collection of personal experiences in the Valley of the Mississippi and elsewhere some twenty years ago — a misnomer in part, as several chapters relate to the writer's adventures in Maryland, where he practised as a village lawyer. Like many other Americans, he appears to have sought his fortune in various directions and in all parts of the Union; now in Florida, now in Louisiana, now in Baltimore, as advocate, author, judge, and politician. Such a life must necessarily bring a man in contact with strange characters and expose him to various adventures, and its record, if not too prolix, can scarcely fail to be amusing.

Saturday Review.

* *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West.* By H. M. Brackenbridge, a Native of the West; Traveller, Author, Jurist. Second Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trubner & Co. 1868.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIDE OF OUR PLANET.

THE season at Carlsbad was unusually brilliant. Seldom had so many of the nobility and so many adventurers assembled at the Baths. To the second class, but perhaps also to the first, belonged Sonnenkamp, who arrived with a great retinue, wife and daughter, son, tutor, gouvernante, and a number of servants, the latter, however, not dressed in livery, but modestly, in plain citizens' clothes.

The Count, as well as Clodwig and Bella, had been at the Baths a week when Sonnenkamp's household arrived. Clodwig took his young friend, with some solemnity, to the spring, and told how he himself had once been brought there by the philosopher, Schelling, who said to him, —

"Behold! this spring is the pride of our planet."

All conventional distinctions must cease before such a fountain of health as this, Clodwig added, for it says to us, — You must leave your lofty and your lowly dwellings; in my presence, all are alike high-born and low-born. Clodwig had already caught the liberal tone.

On the very day of Sonnenkamp's arrival, a guest was departing whose modesty was equal to the consideration in which he was held; it was Weidmann. Eric met him just as he was drinking his last draught from the spring. The relations between the Sovereign and this President of the representatives, an unyielding opposer of the Court policy, long furnished matter of conversation among the guests; the Sovereign had twice invited him to his table, and addressed him several times when they had met upon the morning walk. Statisticians differed somewhat in regard to the latter point, some maintaining that these morning conversations had taken place twice, others that they had occurred as often as thrice, or even four times.

Again Eric's meeting with Weidmann was short and unsatisfactory, and he disliked to be always reiterating his intention of visiting him.

Clodwig also presented Eric at once to an old friend of his, a well-known banker of liberal education from the great business capital, whom he met every year at some baths, either at Gastein or Ostend, if not here, and with whom, on such occasions, he always spent many hours of the day. The two men were both seventy years old, but the Banker had all the restlessness of youth; he was as eager for knowledge as a German student, and as talkative as a Frenchman

in a railway carriage. Clodwig, on the other hand, preserved always a great repose of manner, hardly ever speaking when in motion, but always stopping if he had anything to say, or any reply to make to the remarks of a friend.

The Banker took pains to tell Eric, early in their acquaintance, that he was a Jew.

Owing, doubtless, to the warm commendations that Clodwig had bestowed upon his young friend, the old man took advantage of every opportunity of being in his company, a complaisance which Eric did not reciprocate, he not being accustomed to play the part of listener rather than of speaker, and feeling moreover jealous of the banker, who engrossed so much of Clodwig's time, when he had depended on enjoying the Count's society himself every day during their visit here.

At the breakfast-table, the Prince and Countess Bella were as usual a frequent subject of conversation; they were served up with the favorite dish of delicate pastry. A more interesting topic than even the Countess's toilette were the frequent, almost daily walks, which the Prince took in her company, apparently much to the enjoyment of both parties, as the King was often heard laughing at her ready sallies. Clodwig also could congratulate himself on having received many marks of favor.

Bella established a little court of her own. She breakfasted with a company of chosen friends in the open air, where every one could see her, and her table was always adorned with the choicest flowers. It was even said that the bands played a waltz of her composition.

The Wine-Cavalier also spent a few days at the Baths, and the painter Potiphar, as Bella called him, because he had the misfortune to be surnamed Tailor. This was the fourth watering-place that the Cavalier had honored this summer with his studied elegance, his private album, and his neat little anecdotes. His only object in coming to Carlsbad was, as he often repeated, to pay his respects to his highly esteemed neighbors. Bella received him coldly, and Clodwig pleaded business as an excuse for seeing but little of him, so that after playing a few games with a famous chess-player who was among the visitors, he departed.

The painter Potiphar zealously instructed Eric in the private histories of all the men and women who were drinking the waters, and his companion's ignorance and innocence in these interesting matters were a marvel to him.

When Sonnenkamp met Bella and the Prince walking together, as he did every

day, Bella nodded graciously, and the King also bowed silently, but in spite of the frequency of their meeting never addressed him.

The Cabinetsrath was present as one of the Court, and with him and an experienced officer of police, who always hovered about the sovereign at a distance, Sonnenkamp usually took his morning walk.

Franken, who had his own independent lodging, but joined himself to the Sonnenkamp party, was soon initiated into the life of the various groups.

A beautiful Wallachian, who always went about dressed in deep mourning, with a black veil upon her head, and spoke to no one, contested with Sonnenkamp the glory of being the most remarkable object of the season. It was said that the handsome stranger had had the misfortune to discover, soon after her marriage, that her husband had another wife.

Manna took no part in the morning gaieties at the spring; after holy mass, she remained in the house, spending a great portion of her time in practising on the harp, for which purpose she had chosen a room out of hearing of the other visitors.

Frau Ceres awakened general excitement, by being taken to the spring every morning in a chair on wheels. In her lap she always held a little dog, and in her hand a fresh rose.

Franken was assiduous in his attention to her, and Fräulein Perini never failed to walk by her side. At noon, Frau Ceres appeared beautifully dressed among the promenaders.

All the visitors at the spring were astonished at this, and every morning all eyes followed her, in wonder at her allowing herself to be wheeled through the crowd, though she was in perfect health. But the lady was unconscious of the anger she excited, and only rejoiced in what seemed to her the general admiration.

After the first three days, Eric forbade his pupil to go to the spring in the morning, a regulation which Sonnenkamp remonstrated against, feeling a pride in the universal admiration the handsome boy received. But Eric declared that it was impossible to attend to studies after hearing music in the morning, and the two therefore remained by themselves. Whenever they appeared abroad, however, men and women alike agreed that they had never seen a handsomer boy, or a man of more attractive appearance.

Franken often complained that the extraordinary favor shown him by the Sover-

ign obliged him often to spend whole days away from his friends.

Sonnenkamp could boast of being received into the most select society, thanks to the influence of Bella. It was no matter to him that the aristocracy said among themselves that a bath-acquaintance did not necessitate any subsequent relation with a man. He hoped, nay, he was almost sure, that during his stay here at Carlsbad, the first step would be taken that should put him on an equality with the best; in the meanwhile he conducted himself in the most free and easy manner, as a peer among peers.

Already his relations to Bella had assumed a character which added a fresh interest to his life here. They had always been secretly attracted together, chiefly by admiration of a certain heroic power which each saw to exist in the other, and which each held to be the one mark of distinction from the masses. This daily intercourse now revealed more distinctly to them what they had only glimpses of during the winter in the capital.

Both agreed perfectly in looking upon all communities, all human society, as nothing but a tacit agreement to tell lies: no one believes his neighbor, no one honors his neighbor; all that is valued is a certain outside show, a humbug, which must be kept up as long as it can; no one, except a few idiots of teachers or idealists, actually believes in the idols of his own constructing.

Sonnenkamp admired Bella extremely, and maintained that she was the only woman of spirit and intellect he had ever met, a declaration which both knew to be true, in spite of their agreeing that all fair words were nothing but lying conventionalities. Bella knew that she had spirit, and acknowledged Sonnenkamp's right to bear witness to it.

He repeatedly gave her to understand that he alone appreciated the greatness of her nature.

"The man who should have a wife like you," he once said openly to her, "and were himself a man—a dominant nature with a wife like you would establish a new throne in the world. I consider it a privilege to have been allowed to know a nature so born to rule as yours."

He said it half in a tone of gallantry, but she knew he meant it in earnest, and she took it in earnest, being full of contempt for the pettinesses of the world, where half the people found pleasure in intrigue, and the other half in what they call humanity, which is really nothing but sentimentality.

Their mutual salutations, therefore, if they only met and passed, were significant, and implied a secret understanding. Their glance said: We alone are strong, and we are great enough to scorn all trifling.

One beautiful July morning Bella gave a great breakfast, to which the Sonnenkamp family was invited, and Manna came with her mother; there were also present the Cabinetsrätin, the Adjutant-general, besides several others of the highest nobility, both gentlemen and ladies, from different countries.

The rich and tasteful arrangement of the flowers on the breakfast-table excited the admiration of the guests. Bella presented Herr Sonnenkamp as the generous and skilful giver, and, with great tact, called the attention of the guests to the admirable taste in arranging flowers possessed by this famous garden-artist, whom she even proclaimed the true high priest of flowers.

Sonnenkamp was delighted at the impression produced.

Manna timidly remarked that her taste was offended by the profusion of flowers displayed here on all occasions; she thought that massing them together, and tying them into close bunches, destroyed the whole character of the flowers, of roses especially; their tender nature suffered from such treatment.

Eric replied that, without these flowers, life here would lose an important element of brilliancy and cheerfulness; that the purest and best things were not safe from abuse and exaggeration, but that we should not therefore lose sight of the beautiful underlying principle.

Franken observed the impression which these words made, and gave a more lively turn to the conversation, by saying that he too did not like bouquets; flowers, birds, and women were the ornaments of life, and should be dealt tenderly with and left unconfined.

Jest and merriment now reigned supreme. All were in that happy frame of mind which is induced by the drinking of the waters and the fresh morning air. There was not wanting an object on which to exercise their wit, in the person of a long lieutenant from Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, or Schwarzhausen-Sonderburg, as Bella always called it. The long lieutenant had openly confessed that his object in coming to the Baths was to bless the daughter of some rich commoner with his title. He had made Bella his confidante, and she amused herself now by bringing him into all manner of ridiculous positions.

The tall lieutenant took it all in good

part; his standing joke was that he regretted, on his honor, Roland's not being Sonnenkamp's daughter, that he might marry her.

Manna blushed, for this plainly implied that she was considered betrothed to Franken.

There was a good deal of gossip about some of the guests at the Baths, their loose and frivolous lives, all of which Manna listened to with the rest, secretly thinking all the while: It is well to know all the discord and confusion of the wicked world before leaving it forever.

Eric divined that some such thought was in her mind, and said in a low tone:—

"In the Bible God says that he will spare Sodom, if a few righteous persons are found in it. And so it is now. The sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and the world is better than it seems."

"So you are a believer too?" asked Manna softly.

"Yes; but in a different way from yours."

On rising from table, Clodwig, Sonnenkamp, Eric, Roland, and the Banker, started on a long walk in the woods, while Bella kept Manna by her. Franken also staid behind with the ladies, being excused to-day from attendance on the Prince.

Bella had succeeded in getting invitations for Sonnenkamp and his family to the next assembly, at which only the first nobility of Europe were to be present, and began to talk over with Manna the dress she should wear on the occasion. Manna had begged to be allowed to stay at home, but this was declared impossible, and she had been obliged to consent to appear.

Meanwhile the men were taking their walk through the woods. Eric had joined Clodwig at once, and made him smile by saying that he had never before participated in the gaieties of a watering-place, and that the life here almost bewildered him. He wondered whether it would be possible to induce men to go, for a few weeks of every year, to some place for the cure of their souls. In this care for the bodily health was exhibited a selfishness which the world usually took pains to conceal. Clodwig had remained standing, while Eric thus spoke.

"You will never feel quite at home in the world," he answered, continuing his walk.

At a turn in the road, Eric fell back and allowed Sonnenkamp to go in front with Clodwig. There was something at once attractive and repulsive to Clodwig in the society of Sonnenkamp. He had never seen such a man before, and was chiefly im-

pressed by the sort of courage he possessed in assuming no foreign disguise.

Sonnenkamp made another attempt to induce the Count to use his influence in procuring him a title, but was treated as he never before had been in his life, by receiving a most crushing answer couched in words of courtesy.

"I am amazed at your courage and forbearance," he said; but the idea conveyed by the words was: I detest your insolence and impertinence.

"You are indefatigable, and may stand on an equality with the rulers," were the words, but the meaning was: You are a shameless tyrant.

Sonnenkamp had experienced many strange things in his life, but never this lashing a man to madness with courteous words. He kept a smiling countenance, however, not daring to show any sense of injury, while Clodwig maintained a calm superiority, tapping occasionally on his golden snuff-box, as if saying to all the tickling spirits within: Have patience; the man is getting a strong dose. Finally he opened the box and offered Sonnenkamp a pinch, which the latter accepted with thanks.

Eric meanwhile was walking with the Banker. There was one point of common interest between them, their admiration of Clodwig. The Banker maintained that scarce any one but a man of rank could be so independent and thoroughly human.

Roland cast a glance at Eric which seemed to say: You see this man says the same thing.

Eric zealously opposed this idea, and the Banker, who assumed a rather patronizing tone in conversing with the young scholar, was easily converted, and broke out into enthusiastic praise of Eric.

A great pleasure was awaiting Eric on his return from his morning walk, in the arrival of his friend and teacher, Professor Einsiedel.

The poor man of science felt himself quite lost and helpless in such a place as Carlsbad, whither he had been ordered by his fellow-professor, the first physician of the University. Eric made the necessary arrangements for his board and lodging, and whatever else he needed, feeling it a privilege to serve him in every way in his power.

While standing with his teacher, Eric perceived Sonnenkamp in the distance talking with Professor Crutius, who had just arrived. Crutius seemed unwilling to accept Sonnenkamp's friendly advances, and yet could find no way of avoiding them. When Sonnenkamp offered his hand at

parting, however, he did not take it, but raised his hat instead with a formal salute.

Eric was so fortunate as to find a room for his teacher in the same house with his own party.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WHIRL OF BODY AND MIND.

BEAUTIFULLY dressed, with flowers in her hair, Manna walked to and fro in the great drawing-room. The sight of her uncovered neck and shoulders in the long mirror seemed to shock her, and she drew more closely about her the encircling cloud of tulle. Roland and Eric entered. Eric stood motionless.

"How late you are!" said Manna.

Eric explained that he had been introducing his teacher to the routine of watering-place life, and expressed the hope that Manna would enjoy the society of the delicate-minded old man.

"Your teacher?" said Manna, and again Eric noticed the tears in her voice. "Introduce me to him to-morrow. But now make haste, or you will be late to the assembly."

"I am not invited," replied Eric.

"No! he is not invited, and so I am not going either," cried Roland.

The father and mother appeared, but their persuasions had no effect upon the boy. He would not even yield to Eric's urgent entreaty, but persisted in remaining behind. After the family had actually driven off to the Hall, Roland appeared to regret not having gone with them, and insisted on Eric's taking him to the gallery, whence they could see the dancing.

Pranken was manager of the assembly, and Manna shared the distinction with him. Her cheeks glowed, and she seemed in great spirits, but to Roland's vexation, she did not once look up to the gallery. Manna, in fact, hardly knew herself. In the midst of the gaiety, she said to Pranken:—

"Did you know that Captain Dournay's teacher had arrived?"

Pranken knit his brows. So she was thinking of him in the midst of this gaiety! He was silent for awhile, not knowing what to reply; at last he said in a light tone:—

"Ah, teacher! Don't you get tired of this whole pack of teachers? Here we have pleasing music, dancing,—come!"

He whirled her swiftly among the circle of dancers, and she felt as if she were no longer upon the ground, but were floating in the air.

"Let us go!" said Roland to Eric in the gallery. They left the hall, and took by

moonlight the same beautiful walk through the forest that they had enjoyed in the morning.

"Is there no way in which I may relieve myself of a secret that has been confided to me?" asked Roland. "I should so like to talk it over with you! May I not tell it you?"

"No, you must not under any circumstances break your word. If you did, you would lose all hold upon yourself."

Roland sighed; he sorely wanted to tell Eric that his family was to receive a title.

When they came out upon the clearing, and saw the town and the whole valley lying in the moonlight, and heard a few broken strains of music from the ball-room rising through the night air, Roland returned to the subject:—

"I have an idea that this evening Manna is to be openly acknowledged as Frank's bride. My mother thinks that that will help forward the accomplishment of the other secret. Can you not guess what it is?"

Eric replied with great self-control, that it was not honorable of Roland to speak of any family matters that had been confided to him.

He spoke with a trembling voice. This thing, which had been so long decided, suddenly came upon him as something new, unheard of, improbable. With rapture and yet with fear, he perceived that he had allowed Manna to become dearer to him than he ought. He buried the point of his cane deep in the ground, and pressed upon it so violently that it broke to pieces in his hand. He told Roland it was time they went home.

The carriage drove up to the door just as they reached the house, and out of it came Sonnenkamp, followed by Frau Ceres and Manna.

"Are you betrothed to Franken?" asked Roland.

"You silly child!" returned Manna, as she ran quickly up the steps.

Sonnenkamp sent Roland to bed, and asked Eric to go with him into his room.

"Here is a mild brand of cigar," he said, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, "light one. Captain Dournay, I look upon you as one of the family; you are ours, and must ever remain so."

Eric trembled. Had the father's suspicions been roused by Roland's awkward question, and was he about to tell him that he must give up all thought of Manna? Or was he about to offer him his daughter's hand? He had time enough to entertain these opposing thoughts, for Sonnenkamp made a long pause, in the evident expectation of receiving some answer to his friendly

address. But as his companion remained silent, he got up, and after taking several turns up and down the room, suddenly stopped before Eric and said:—

"I give you to-day the most indubitable proof that I consider you one of ourselves. Give me your hand."

Eric did so, and shuddered as he touched the iron ring on the man's thumb.

Sonnenkamp continued:—

"I recognize and honor your reserve."

Eric's eyes wandered uneasily. What did all this mean?

After several hasty puffs at his cigar, Sonnenkamp continued:—

"You have never, in any way, alluded to what has been going on among us, though you cannot have failed to be aware of it."

Eric still trembled. Sonnenkamp kept making such unusual pauses.

At last, bringing the words out with an effort, he said:—

"You know that I am about to receive a title?"

"No, I did not know it."

"You did not? Is it possible? Did Roland give you no hint?"

"A hint indeed of some secret, but I strictly forbade him to relate, even by a breath, any confidence that had been reposed in him."

"Good. You're a good teacher. I am grateful to you, sincerely grateful. I will be yet more so. You shall have proof of it. To be open with you, Captain Dournay—you can give me substantial help by furthering this plan of mine."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You are the friend of our noble Count Wolfsgarten. He is already one of our family, but he always declines to discuss this matter, when I, or any of my friends, address him upon the subject. You know me, my dear Captain; you have watched my life, and your eye is keen; I have a right to expect that, with all my faults, of which, unhappily, I have my share, you will judge of me justly and charitably. You are a man who will act as he thinks. You understand me?"

"Not entirely, I confess."

"Plainly, then, in a few days I shall give a rural fête at Heilingthal. I will take the Jew with me, and you can go with your friend Wolfsgarten, and can easily discover what sort of opinion he will give of me, or has already given."

"Would not Herr von Franken, or the Countess, or the Cabinetsrätin, be better suited for such an office?"

"No; in that case I should not trouble you with it. Count Wolfsgarten has de-

clined expressing any opinion, saying always in his pedantic — I mean in his strictly honorable manner, that a judgment which is to be expressed in confidence to the Prince should be made known to no one else. In a few days the Prince will depart; he is favorably disposed. You will therefore discover this for me, dear Dournay, will you not? It will be so easy for you!"

"Herr Sonnenkamp," replied Eric, "you had the kindness to say a few moments ago that I did right in forbidding Roland to betray a secret. How shall I —"

"Ah, my dear Dournay," interrupted Sonnenkamp, "we may reasonably allow ourselves many things that we should forbid a young person to do. I respect, I honor your truthfulness. I acknowledge the great sacrifice you would make in rendering me this service fully, thoroughly, but you will make the sacrifice, will you not?"

Eric tried to decline the task. Sonnenkamp threw his head back, and whistled softly to himself, while Eric maintained with great earnestness that he was not good at sounding others' opinions, and that he should consider it a betrayal of friendship to repeat anything which was said to him confidentially. "Besides," he concluded, "I do not think that Count Wolfsgarten would express his opinion any more fully to me."

Sonnenkamp was inwardly angry, but summoned all his powers of self-control to his aid. He praised Eric's conscientiousness; spoke with enthusiasm of his delicate tact, his moral purity, and the loftiness of his ideal; he went so far as to apologize for having fancied, even for a moment, that Eric was more than a friend to Bella; his unhappy experience among men, he said, must serve as his excuse for the injustice; he considered it as the greatest of privileges to have been once allowed the acquaintance of a thoroughly pure and noble man.

Eric had never supposed that this man knew him so well; this Sonnenkamp must have a nobler mind than he had given him credit for, to be able to read so well the noble struggles of others.

The impression he had made was not lost upon Sonnenkamp. He laid his hand on Eric's shoulder, and said with a trembling, almost a tearful voice, —

"My dear young friend! Yes, my friend — I call you so, for you are such — even if I have not myself the right to claim so close an intimacy with you as I should like, consider what a great, what a necessary influence indeed you may exert — not for me; of what consequence am I? — but for our Roland. For our Roland!" he repeated significantly. The mention of Roland's name

suddenly roused Eric as from a dream. He answered by asking why Herr Sonnenkamp desired a title for Roland.

"Oh, my friend!" Sonnenkamp continued with increasing affection, "that is the last, the only object of all my efforts in the Old World and in the New. Oh, my friend! Who can tell you how soon I may die? You will remain the friend, the support of my son. Give me your hand upon it. Promise me you will so continue. I shall die without a fear, knowing he is under your protection. Alas, no one suspects how ill, how shaken I am. I force myself to appear firm and erect, but I am inwardly broken. The labors and struggles of life have sapped my strength. Any moment may end my life, and I would gladly leave my son in an assured position. You, my friend, love our beautiful, glorious Germany; you will be glad to secure to her a strong and faithful son. Should Roland continue as he is, should he preserve his present name, he will always consider himself a citizen of the world across the ocean, not a true son of our noble Germany, where alone a man of mind and of means can find a sphere for his usefulness. Forgive me if I do not express myself as warmly as I feel, and as I ought, to a friend like you. I only ask you to add to your other benefits to Roland that of making him a son of Germany; if not for our sakes, yet for the sake of our dear country."

Sonnenkamp well knew what a responsive strain he touched in Eric, by those tender words from the anxious heart of a father, and by this broad, reverent outlook, not only beyond his own death, but beyond all thought of self. Eric was touched, and said:

"I would give my life for Roland —"

Sonnenkamp would have embraced him, but Eric begged him to listen further.

"My life I can give up, but not my principles. I am willing to adopt your views of the matter in a moment, if you can convince me I am mistaken. Do you really believe that it would add to Roland's happiness to have a title?"

"It would make his happiness; without that he would have no happiness. I am sure you will not misunderstand me, my very dear, noble friend. I frankly confess to you that I prize money highly; I have worked hard for it, and should like to keep it; I should like to convert my personal property into real estate, at least in a great measure: I want my son freely to enjoy what I have toiled with unremitting industry to obtain. Oh, my friend, you do not know — it is better you should not know what blows my life has borne, be-

cause I—but no more of that; it would agitate me too much to-day. I had a tutor—a shrewd man, but unhappily not of such moral purity as yourself—who, I remember, often said to me: He only is free who is not bound to the same level with others, but is entitled to be judged by a loftier standard. A genius, a man like yourself, my dear friend, is by nature so entitled; but all are not geniuses. Genius is unattainable, therefore do men seek a title of nobility that posterity may judge them by that higher standard. I express myself clumsily, do I not?"

"No! the thought is subtly developed."

"Ah, let us leave all subtleties. But I have after all omitted the chief point; it is well I remember it. It was you who first directed my thoughts and my efforts towards this aim."

"I? How so?"

"Let me remind you. On the first day of your coming among us you told me, and you have often repeated it since, that Roland had no special talent that would lead him to the choice of a profession. The remark offended me at the time, but I see now that it was perfectly true. For the very reason that Roland is not gifted with genius, he must take rank among the nobility, have a title, which of itself gives position and dignity to persons of average capacity, who are not able to carve out their own career. A nobleman is not sensitive; that is his great advantage. A baron or an earl is somebody at the start, and is not obliged to make himself somebody; if, besides that, he has any gifts, they are all clear gain, and the world is grateful for them. We commoners must begin by making ourselves something; we are nothing at the start except sensitive, thin-skinned. Ah, my dear friend, I speak very confusedly."

"By no means."

"I will say but one thing more. Roland will at some time, and it may be soon, enter on the possession of millions; if he is a noble, he will not only stand in the circle of the select, but he will have all the obligations of honor, of benevolence, of usefulness, and will have them in a higher degree, because he will be one newly raised to rank. I open my whole heart to you, my friend—I conceal nothing. Almost the whole inhabited world is known to me, and shall I tell you what I have found in it?"

"I should be glad to know."

"Know, then," here Sonnenkamp laid both hands upon Eric's shoulder, "you are a philosopher, a deep thinker—learn something from me."

"Willingly."

"Let me tell you then, my friend, there are three classes among mankind, each bound so closely together that no member stands alone. A man must belong to one of these in this degenerate world."

He paused awhile, and then, in answer to Eric's questioning glance, continued:—

"Yes, my friend, in this world a man must be either a Jew, a Jesuit, or a noble. You smile? The idea surprises you? Let me explain. If you survey the whole world you will find that each one of these three classes, and only these, forms a firm, lasting, indissoluble union among its members. My son cannot be a Jew, a Jesuit he shall not be, therefore he must be a noble."

Eric was fairly bewildered by Sonnenkamp's arguments. He strove to exercise his own freedom of thought, but he saw how immovably Sonnenkamp's mind was made up, and looking over the past, he perceived how everything had been tending towards this one aim. And after all, might it not be an advantage for Roland to enter the ranks of the nobility? Might not this be the only means of establishing a home for him in Germany?

The interview lasted till far into the night, Sonnenkamp constantly endeavoring to prove the necessity of making Roland a noble, and Eric at last, almost from sheer weariness, promised to use his influence with Clodwig. He got no rest as he lay in bed; he seemed to himself a traitor, but the voice of the tempter said:—

"After all, it is not you who can bring it about, nor he, but the Prince. Whether you lend your aid or not, the thing is sure to be done. Why should you be disobliging and ungrateful?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TEACHER'S TEACHER.

"BALL"—"American"—"Betrothed"—was heard the next morning at the spring in all the different languages, for, inconsistent as it may seem, winter gayeties are brought into a place frequented only by invalids.

Frau Ceres' carriage did not appear at the spring; she had a tumbler of mineral water brought to her room.

Before the altar in the village church lay Manna, long after the mass was over, studying her own heart. She cried out for help, for support against the world; she remembered the advice of the Priest to make free confession, wherever she might be, to a brother or a father, and she longed to confess here; but she did not, for there was

one thing she could not tell. For the first time, she left the church with a burden on her heart.

Eric was fighting his fight with himself out upon the hills. Sonnenkamp had spoken with great openness to him, but one thing he had not said, that Pranken was waiting till Manna was titled before announcing the betrothal. He was angry with himself for having allowed the idea to take possession of him, and perhaps increase, though unconsciously, his repugnance to the commission laid upon him.

The sudden calling of his name terrified him, though it was pronounced by a gentle voice. Looking up he perceived Professor Einsiedel coming towards him. What better man could he have to clear up his doubts and restore his peace of mind? For one moment, he entertained the thought of laying all his questions before the pure and childlike, yet clear and brave spirit, of his old friend; but neither could he confess, neither could he tell all, and so he too shut his secret in his own heart.

The good old man could not understand how he was to live for weeks without work, without books, doing nothing but nurse his body. Such a cure as this, he said with a childlike smile, was only a sickness with the ability to take walks, and it would be nothing worse than sickness if he lay in bed.

But he soon turned the conversation from himself, and asked Eric about his studies, and how he was getting on with his great work upon slavery. Before Eric could answer, the Professor told him that he was continually making notes upon the subject for him, and that one of the most striking things he had met with was the decision with which Luther, from a religious point of view, had expressed himself in favor of holding slaves.

"I do not blame Luther," he continued; "he adopted the views of his day, just as others in other generations have believed in the agency of evil spirits. The language of the great Bossuet shows how much the strongest minds were influenced by the general belief of the time; he said that whoever denied the right of holding slaves sinned against the Holy Ghost. Perhaps a future generation will be as little able to understand our prejudices."

Eric found in this morning walk a satisfaction to which he had been long a stranger. Professor Einsiedel had looked cautiously about him as he walked, as if fearing some one might overhear the great secret he was about to reveal. At last he said:—

"Dear Doctor," he always called Eric Doctor, "I have been thinking a great

deal about the task of educating a rich youth. The absolutely right I have not found; that can exist only in the imagination. But so to educate a human being, intellectually and morally, that we can be approximately sure—mark you, I say approximately—that we can be approximately sure, or have reason to believe, that in any given case he will be guided by pure moral laws, that is all that we can hope to do; and I am very much mistaken, if that is not what you have already succeeded in accomplishing with regard to your pupil. As far as I know the world,—and I was tutor myself once, though only for a short time—as far as I know the world, those of high birth, and no doubt it is the same with those of great wealth, are full of wishes and cravings; and the task is to convert these wishes, these cravings, this expectancy, into active will and effort. Your handsome pupil has excellent dispositions in this respect; he understands the seriousness of life."

Never had the forest seemed to Eric so grand, the sunlight so clear, the air so invigorating, the whole world so transfigured, as when he heard this testimony from his teacher's lips. Silently he walked by his side, and sat with him in the forest; he would gladly have kissed the good man's delicate hand.

At another time, Professor Einsiedel admonished Eric that he was falling into the very error common among rich men of neglecting his own culture.

"Living with others is good," he said; "but living with one's self is better; and I fear you have not lived as you should with yourself."

He asked Eric plainly how far he had finished his book, and like a school-boy who finds himself detected in laziness and neglect of duty, Eric was obliged to confess that it had altogether dropped out of his mind. The face of the Professor suddenly collapsed, as if it were nothing but wrinkles; after a long silence he said,—

"You are inflicting the greatest injury on yourself and your pupil."

"On myself and my pupil?"

"Yes. You have no intellectual work of your own to counteract the daily distractions of your profession, and, therefore, you do not bring to your teaching the necessary freshness and elasticity. I have been a teacher myself, and always made it a rule to preserve inviolate my own intellectual sanctum, and in that way constantly renewed my strength. It is one of the conditions of a proper education, that the teacher should not be always at the disposal of his pupil. The pupil should un-

derstand, that living side by side with him is another human being like himself, who has his own life to nourish, and that no one has a right to command from another the total surrender of himself and all his powers. You must never consider yourself as a finished man; mark; I say finished; you must keep on educating yourself. To be finished is the beginning of death. Look at the leaves upon the trees; as soon as one has reached its perfection, it begins to turn yellow and shrink."

The words made a deep impression upon Eric. What this man here in this silent wood-path was saying aloud, he had often felt, but had never been willing to confess even to himself.

"Non semper arcum tendit Apollo," says Virgil," Eric answered, quoting from his teacher's favorite poet.

"Good, good! that agrees with what I say. Apollo, to be sure, is not always bending his bow, but he never lays it aside; it remains his inalienable attribute."

They went on for some time in silence, till presently the Professor began again, —

"You are still young; you must not waste these morning hours of your life. I warn you as your teacher and your father, yes in the very spirit of your father. It is my right and my duty thus to speak, for your father should serve you as a warning."

"My father serve me as a warning?"

"Yes. I need not remind you of the worth and importance of his labors, but your father often lamented that he had allowed an unworthy regard for his standing in society to interfere with his devotion to pure knowledge; he could not resume the steadiness of his former habits of study. More than that, he found himself thinking of persons while he was writing, instead of thinking only of ideas, which is our religion. If we lose that, we are the worst of idolaters; our idol is even less than a picture in a temple; it is the most worthless of all idols, the fickle voice of society."

Eric still remained silent, and the kindly old man began again, —

"Here is another proof of the wonderful connection of events. Our clinical Professor had to overcome a strong repugnance on my part to undertake this cure; neither of us knew that the real object of my being sent here was, perhaps, to be a healing-spring to you."

"Indeed you are," exclaimed Eric, as he grasped his teacher's delicate hand. Only for a little while longer, he said, till Roland had entered upon whatever work

should be next appointed him, he wanted to devote himself entirely to his pupil; then he would return to the service of pure knowledge.

The Professor warned him not to wait for that, for he should never lose his hold of the world of ideas.

"Or if you mean to devote yourself to practical life," he added, "I have nothing to say against that; only you must decide on one or the other."

Eric returned to the hotel as one roused from a dream. He saw the danger which threatened him, of seeking to shine in society by a display of the thoughts and the knowledge he had acquired in the studies which he now no longer pursued. The Professor had touched a very different chord in him from what the Doctor had once stirred. He took pleasure in making his old teacher better acquainted with Clodwig, the Banker, Sonnenkamp, and particularly with Roland, whose lessons he now resumed with an energy which filled the boy with amazement.

The Professor took especial pleasure in the society of Roland, who called him, as he had done at their first meeting, "grand-teacher." There was a deference and a ready submission in his manner, which filled Eric with delight, when he saw them together. Many a saying of the noble old man's sank deep into the boy's mind.

"Who would suppose that the long lieutenant and the Professor belonged to the same race of men?" he once said to Eric.

Eric liked to leave his pupil as much as possible alone with the Professor, and was gratified by having the latter say to him after a few days, —

"You have done a good work; the boy has that sensitive pride in him which we are apt to associate with gentle birth. I should have no fear of his falling into low or criminal habits; his noble pride would be repelled by their vulgarity. There is no denying the fact that self-esteem amounting to pride can become, under proper guidance, a sure moral principle."

Bella had begun by trying to make a butt of the Professor, but the old man looked at her with an expression of such childlike compassion, and at the same time of such mild rebuke, that she soon dropped her tone of banter, and overlooked the good Professor altogether.

This unpretending and apparently inexperienced man formed, however, very decided opinions upon all whom he met. Clodwig he perceived to be a good and noble man. His classical education de-

lighted him particularly. "Classical education," he said, "is the stone foundation, which, firmly planted in the ground, is itself invisible, but bears up the whole building."

The Banker was too uneasy and restless to please him, but he gave him credit for possessing a characteristic very common among the Jews, that of gratitude even for intellectual benefits.

Sonnenkamp inspired the Professor with a shrinking awe. He acknowledged that the feeling was unjust, for the man had always showed great friendliness towards him, but still he could not conquer it.

He once confessed to Eric that he was afraid of persons who were so strong; he always felt as if Sonnenkamp would take him up in his arms like a little child and run away with him. He knew he should never understand the man's character perfectly; reading characters was something like deciphering inscriptions on stone; if you cannot make them out at the first glance, you will succeed no better with hard study.

Quite a new influence was exerted, however, as Professor Einsiedel became more intimate with Manna. In Eric's case, he had recognized instantly his having been sent to this place by that invisible power which harmonizes all life, for the purpose of bringing help to his young friend. Such was even more the fact with regard to Manna, though here he was not conscious of it. Manna was needing and seeking help, and attached herself, with the loving watchfulness of a daughter, to this delicate man, who outwardly was so childlike and dependent.

Geology and chemistry have not yet satisfactorily settled the manner in which these medicinal springs work their cures, and we are equally ignorant of the workings of that subtle influence by which one man affects another for good or for evil. Thus mysteriously did Professor Einsiedel influence Manna. When she told him of her desire to enter the convent, he expressed his envy.

"If I were a Catholic," he said, "I would enter a convent too; but it must be a different kind of a convent, one exclusively for men of science, who have no time or faculty for providing for the necessities of life, and yet have works of importance to carry out."

Manna smiled, for she could not help thinking of Claus, who also wanted to enter a convent, so that he might have nothing to do but drink all the time. But she quickly banished all such comparisons; for here was

a repose, a devotion to a sacred idea, which might boldly compare itself with the sacredness of the church. She trembled at the thought, but could not drive it from her mind. With some timidity, and yet emboldened by the remembrance of her former undoubting confidence, she ventured to approach the Professor, though only interrogatively, upon the subject of the necessity of religious faith, as the only means of salvation. She was amazed at the sudden excitement that blazed up in the quiet little man.

"We are no enemies of the church," he said, "for we only make war upon the living. The church has not been able to fashion the world, nor society, nor a single state; all it has succeeded in doing, is to found asylums and hospitals. Not to her is given the direction of life, but to classical education, to continually advancing culture. My child, there is a fellow-professor of mine in the University, who persistently maintains that the *Corpus juris* has done much more for the civilization of the world, than the fragments which are included under the name of the Old and New Testament. I do not wholly agree with him, for the Bible has touched a different chord in the world. Consider, the world has inherited from classical antiquity two great ideas, those of state and nationality. Men were brought up in these two ideas. Then came religion, and taught universality, the oneness of all mankind, the brotherhood of man, and the unity of humanity. Religion alone could have done it; it would have been impossible for the Roman civilization under the old and new Cæsars. The church has done her work; she has implanted the idea of humanity. Now people assemble again in states, in nationalities, still needing to preserve the idea of brotherhood. But forgive me, I am falling too much into the schoolmaster's tone."

"No, no; pray go on; I understand. Pray go on!"

"Very well, then; what was ever purely ideal is not lost to the world, only it must not require to be forever and ever the one sole expression of truth. Here lies the difference between us unbelievers, as we are called, and believers. Let me illustrate my meaning by facts — or do I weary you?"

"How can you think so poorly of me?"

"Forgive me. The present century is laboring for two great objects, the emancipation of the serfs, and the abolition of slavery. They will be accomplished, but not by the church; no, by the progress of culture. Forgive me, my child, I do not want to confuse you. Never touch upon the sub-

ject again, be sure you never do again. I am a patient man, very patient. I want to disturb no one, but I pray you, most earnestly I must pray you, never to touch upon these subjects with me again. As I have said, I am sorry if I have spoken slightly of anything which is sacred and dear to you; I hope it will so continue to you, although I reject it. But I beg you, earnestly beg you, not to approach this theme again."

As Manna walked by the side of the Professor, she longed for some hand from heaven to snatch her away from him.

What had she fallen upon? What words had she had to hear? and that not from a man of the world, but from one who desired nothing but to end his life in modest quiet.

No hand from heaven was outstretched to snatch her away, and she gradually succeeded in regaining her tranquillity.

It was well she should have heard this from a man she could not despise. This was the last assault of the tempter; she would not yield under it. So she promised herself, and pressed her hand on her heart, as if there was something there of which she would keep fast hold. But the deed was done; she could not recall it. She had lost that for which she had been ready to sacrifice her life, for the church, to which she had been ready to give herself, had done nothing towards destroying this monstrous evil.

She felt inclined henceforth to avoid the Professor; but that would have been unjust. What had he done except honestly to tell her his convictions?

A feeling of attachment led her still to devote much of her time to him, but both avoided any discussion upon matters of religion; only Manna would sometimes look up at him with wondering eyes, when he would quote, from heathen writings, sayings which she had been taught to consider the exclusive property of the church.

A wide horizon opened before her eyes, in which the different religions seemed only so many promontories, and this unassuming, delicately organized man seemed a type of the human individual, who had received into himself and harmonized all contradiction. She saw Eric's reverence for the Professor, his childlike deference, his respectful attention, the submission which he every hour displayed towards him. She watched Eric closely. It surprised her that this man of strongly marked individuality should be capable of such humble veneration for another.

Professor Einsiedel was often accompanied also by a little dried-up old man of most humble exterior, who always withdrew at

Manna's approach, as if he felt himself unworthy to intrude upon the society of men.

Professor Einsiedel once told Manna the history of this companion of his. They had been school-fellows together, and this man was early taken from his studies on account of the death of his father, and the necessity of providing for his brothers and sisters. He became book-keeper in a great banking house, by which he earned enough not only to support a widowed sister and her children, but managed, by practising the strictest economy, to lay by a considerable sum.

One night, on returning from the theatre, he found that his nephew had broken open his desk, stolen his whole property, and escaped with it to America. Without telling any one of the robbery — for how could he give up to justice his sister's son? — he began anew to spare and to save, and thus sacrificed his life for that of another.

Professor Einsiedel had no idea what a deep impression this simple history made upon Manna, — this story of silent, unobtrusive self-sacrifice.

One subject upon which Manna and Einsiedel could converse with perfect sympathy was Eric's mother. The Professor took for granted that Manna lived on terms of intimate friendship with the noble lady, and he could not find words strong enough to express his appreciation of her firmness and nobleness of mind. Manna smiled to hear him say that the Professorin had converted him from a very low opinion of the capabilities of her sex, to a conviction that a woman is endowed with all the characteristics of man, only in a more beautiful shape. Manna also had many pleasant things to tell of Eric's mother.

This unassuming little man, who had thus dropped by chance into their circle, had exercised on the minds of all an influence far outweighing that of the excitements and allurements of the life in the great world.

But even in this society, Sonnenkamp thought only of advancing his own plans of self-aggrandizement. In a few days the Prince, Clodwig, and Bella were to take their departure; if he could not win over the Prince, he was resolved to attach all the nobility at least to his interests.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION TURNED TO STONE.

THE day of the fête had arrived. Roland rode on in front with Franken, Sonnenkamp walked with the Banker, and Eric with Clodwig. The day was clear and sunny, without being too warm. A brilliant

company left their carriages upon the hill, and strolled down the wood-path to the valley below.

Eric tried to lead the conversation to Sonnenkamp's receiving a title of nobility, but Clodwig at once interrupted him, and, with a tone of almost parental authority, warned him against mixing himself up in any way with that matter. For the first time, there was something in Clodwig's look that Eric could not fathom. They went down the path in silence. A struggle was going on in Eric's mind, and in Clodwig also was a conflict of feeling concerning his young friend.

As soon as they reached the valley, Sonnenkamp drew Eric aside, and asked what opinion Clodwig had expressed. Eric replied that he declined speaking at all upon the subject.

"Thank you—thank you very much," ejaculated Sonnenkamp, with no apparent reason.

By the side of the brook in Heilingthal Joseph had already spread the table, and Sonnenkamp had only the addition of a few trifles to suggest. The company assembled was most select, and all expressed surprise and pleasure at the arrangements that had been made. The long lieutenant was particularly eloquent, and called up a singular expression in Sonnenkamp's face by always, although he was no Austrian, addressing him as Herr von Sonnenkamp. A band of music, stationed in the forest, played sweet and lively airs. A great point of interest was the group of rocks above where the company were seated, which, the story ran, had been the living figures of a marriage procession turned into stone by spirits from the lower world.

"What can have been the origin of this tradition?" asked Bella, turning to Eric.

All gave polite attention, as Eric explained that this was one of the many variations of the Tannhäuser tradition, and that nations in the dawn of civilization gave themselves up to a belief in the old traditions, which have their root in the ever haunting mystery of the origin of the earth.

Suddenly a forester's horn was heard, and rocks and valley became the theatre of a strange spectacle. A band of gipsy musicians, fantastically dressed, came suddenly to view, playing wild melodies,—one young fellow in particular, with raven hair, leaping and dancing as he played upon his fiddle. Great praises were bestowed upon Sonnenkamp for his ingenuity in always devising some new entertainment, and his protestations that this was a surprise even to himself, were taken by some for truth,

and by others as modesty. A rapid glance, exchanged between himself and Lootz, would have proved to any one who had seen it his sincerity in disclaiming all knowledge of the exhibition.

Bella encouraged the gipsies to wilder and wilder music, and, on learning that their camp was pitched in the neighborhood, she went to visit it, accompanied by Roland and some of the ladies. The absence of Professor Einsiedel she greatly lamented, as he had told her that the language of the gipsies bore some connection with the Sanscrit. Eric was much surprised at being able to say a few words to these strange people in their own tongue. Bella asked if there was no one in the company who could draw, and insisted on the long lieutenant beginning a sketch at once of the gipsy camp, the wretched horse eating a wisp of hay, the wagon, and the old women sitting about an open fire. A wild, impudent looking girl, who wore a large crinoline, and smoked a short pipe in a free and easy fashion, soon became her especial favorite. One old hag, pointing her skinny hand at Roland, cried out:—

"He shall be our king."

"Can you not tell fortunes?" asked Bella, extending her hand to the old woman.

"Not yours," said the gipsy. "But I want that one next you to show me her hand." With great reluctance, Manna consented. The old woman gave a wild cry, and exclaimed:—

"You have a lover by your side, but you must go across the water to get him, and water must flow from your handsome black eyes. But then three sons and two daughters shall you have—"

Here Manna tore her hand away, and walked on apart from the rest of the party. Much as she despised this criminal sport, and little as the whole company believed in it, it yet strangely affected her. Could Franken have been the originator of it? It almost seemed so, and yet he was innocent of the whole thing.

"I should like to pronounce a ban," cried Bella.

"What sort of one?" asked all present.

"That for the next fifty years the gipsies should be under its power; that no poet should dare to sing of them."

Manna went on with the others, but she and all around her seemed as in a dream. In her heart she felt that all this had happened, in order that the thought of it might one day serve to recall the world to her mind, when she had left it forever. It already seemed distant, among the things of

the past. She stood in the life about her as not a part of it, and she was not of it, for the one thought was ever present to her of renouncing it altogether. This year in the world was her trial year, and she rejoiced to think that several months of it were already gone.

Bella, who prided herself upon her skill in reading character, often shook her head, and confessed to her brother that she could make nothing out of Manna; in vain she tried to win her confidence; there was something at bottom which she could not fathom. Manna never spoke to Bella of her desire to return to the convent. Bella now put her arm about Manna's waist, and teased her about the three sons and two daughters, but the girl only smiled as if the words had been addressed to some other person.

On the brow of the hill, under the shade of the pine-trees, carpets had been spread for the ladies, where they rested, while the gentlemen still sat at table, and, at the suggestion of the long lieutenant, who had finished his sketch, passed round the wine.

"Why are you not of the nobility?" asked the long lieutenant of Sonnenkamp.

"Because Herr Sonnenkamp is a citizen," replied Clodwig.

"Citizens can be made nobles when they have millions —"

At an angry sign from Franken the young man was here brought to a sudden pause. The Cabinet-rath, however, thought it his duty to add, in consideration of Clodwig's being an influential member of the Committee on Orders, whose good opinion was therefore important:—

"Truly, if nobleness of mind, great powers, beneficence, and worth of character raise one to the ranks of nobility, our Herr Sonnenkamp is — will certainly become a nobleman."

The long lieutenant considered himself a great wit, and wits are not easily suppressed, even when they have not been drinking champagne; he therefore exclaimed:—

"Excellent — delicious! Count von Wolfsgarten, you are the wisest of us all; are you also of opinion that a million must have a title? I mean, of course, not the million, but the man who has the million?"

"It is most amiable of you," replied Clodwig, "to exercise in my favor your sovereign right to point out the wisest of us all."

"Thanks," cried the long lieutenant, "that blow told. But I pray you let me have your opinion."

"I think," said a stout retired court-

marshal who boasted of having already lost sixteen pounds at the Baths, "I think that our noble host has the right to require that this discussion should not be continued at this time and in this place. Does not your Excellency agree with me?" he added, turning to Clodwig.

Before the Count had time to answer, Sonnenkamp broke in:—

"On the contrary, I should be most happy if my honored guests would so far favor me as to continue the discussion, and allow me to be a listener; I should take it as a proof that they did not regard me as stranger."

Clodwig, who had broken through his usual strict rule of temperance, and allowed himself to be persuaded to drink two glasses of champagne, suddenly assumed a knowing look and said:—

"In that case, Herr Sonnenkamp, let us hear your own opinion upon the subject."

"Yes, yes," cried the long lieutenant; "the man who has earned millions, and has got up such a fairy entertainment as this, must —"

"Pray, let Herr Sonnenkamp speak," interrupted Clodwig.

"My honored guests," began Sonnenkamp, "I have visited every part of the inhabited globe, and have learned that there is and must be everywhere an aristocracy, one class distinguished above the rest."

"It is so among horses and dogs," broke in the long lieutenant. "Countess Dingsda of Russia, has two grayhounds descended from the Empress Katherine — I mean from the Empress Katherine's days."

The Court-marshal who had lost the sixteen pounds of flesh admonished the long lieutenant in a whisper to hold his tongue, for he was exposing himself and putting out the whole company. The long lieutenant passed his hand over his brow, and softly promised to obey.

"Let us hear you further," urged Clodwig, and Sonnenkamp continued, —

"It is fortunate also for barbarous races when they possess certain families who present them, in historical continuation, the various decisive points in their career, and when new families become distinguished by courage or wisdom, and form, as it were, a new dynasty."

Clodwig observed that the sweat stood in great drops on Sonnenkamp's forehead, and said, with great friendliness, —

"It might be said that the distinctive prerogative of the nobility was to unite culture and courage; one should never be separated from the other. I hope you will understand me aright when I say that the titles

of nobility perpetuate the remembrance of the gifts, the acquisitions of transcendent genius in a former time, and they have now become an inherited right, or rather involve an inherited duty. The nobleman is the free human being, uniting in himself the gifts of nature and fortune, and preserving a certain chain of connection through the ever changing generations of men. Nobility is a kind of public office to which a man is born. The nobleman should act out his own nature, but is bound at the same time by the conditions of history."

"May the wine freeze in my body, if I understand a word of what he is saying," said the long lieutenant to the Court Marshal, who was trying hard to fight off the sleep which, contrary to all the rules of the treatment, was stealing over him. He suddenly woke up and said, —

"Yes, yes; you are perfectly right; but do keep quiet."

"You yourself," said the Marshal, "must reverence an honest pride in the virtues and bravery of our ancestors. The man who walks through a gallery, from whose walls the pictures of a long line of progenitors look down upon and watch his steps, receives a life-long impression; through his whole life he is followed by the watchful eye of his ancestors."

"True, true!" cried many voices.

"And what follows from that?" asked Clodwig. "Let us return to our original question."

"Just what I am doing. Why should not these historical conditions be constantly reversed?"

"Quite right; that is the proper way to state the question," replied Clodwig. "Is this an age which can concede any special duties, and with them any special privileges, to the nobility? This is the day of equal rights; there are no more members of a privileged class. There are but two classes of men, men of renown and men without renown. The nobility which claims to rest upon hereditary honor is effete; it is uncontestedly a dying institution. Of what use are coats of arms? Of none but to be embroidered on fire-screens, sofa cushions, and travelling-bags. The equal, universal duty of bearing arms furnishes the reasonable claim to nobility. Science, art, business, are the factors of our time, which the whole people without distinction is equally bound to take part in. We stand in opposition to history. The nobleman was of importance so long as landed property was the foundation of the nation's power. That time is passed, since those high chimneys have reared themselves into the air; since the

power of movable property, ideal possessions — for all state securities are but ideal possessions — has surpassed that of landed estates, those days have been no more. One advantage of this personal property is, that it cannot be clutched by the dead hand; the hand of inheritance is a dead hand. I am not opposed to having the nobleman of the present day give his name to business transactions; there are better things than titles and orders by which not only money, but influence, can be gained. I thank the noble Jacob Grimm for exposing, as he does in his essay on Schiller, the folly of supposing that Goethe and Schiller can be ennobled. The nobility of to-day means nothing but a name, a desolation; we go so far as to bestow it even upon the Jews."

"But you, certainly," interrupted the Banker, "would not deny the equal rights of the different religions, the moment this equality of rights knocks at the emblazoned door of nobility?"

"Equal rights!" exclaimed Clodwig. "Quite right, my friend descended from an ancient race. But is it not an absurd perversion to use equal rights for the abolishment of equal rights? If anybody can become a noble, without the necessity of having been born so, of course the Jews can; but they ought not to desire it, they ought to see the disloyalty of it. So far as I see, the Jews — I am speaking now with no reference to their religion — are a living lesson to us not to judge of men by what they believe, but by their progress in virtue and culture. The Jews are, according to our way of regarding them, a race made up of nobles — for who has a longer and purer pedigree? — or they are a people in a certain degree proud of being descended from slaves. I am indebted to an old rabbi, whom I once met at the Baths, for a noble thought."

"What was it?" asked the Banker.

"He said to me — we were in Ostend at the time, walking on the sea-shore and talking of the negro, discussing his capability for freedom and culture, and this rabbi made a very beautiful remark —"

Clodwig paused for a time as if trying to recall something, then, laying the finger of his left hand upon the bridge of his nose, he said, —

"The rabbi declared that the looking back to a past time of slavery was a great spur to ambition, and that many things which at first sight appear strange in the Jews, may be accounted for by the important fact of their tracing their history back to a period of slavery. They have had implanted in them, by their bondage in Egypt,

a pride and a humility, a steady resistance to oppression, a quick perception of injustice and of every injury inflicted on others, and hence a sympathy, which is unparalleled in history."

"Certainly."

"A Jew with a coat of arms," continued Clodwig, "with helmet and shield and all the gewgaws—the very sight of them should be an offence to him, for at the time when men wore helmets and shields, his ancestors, the Jews, were servants of the emperor, and almost outside the protection of the laws. A Jew may become Christian from conviction, because, apart from the dogma, he perceives the advance in civilization and culture which the religion of Jews has accomplished. Many change their faith from want of deep principle, not having the courage, or not feeling it to be their duty, to inflict upon themselves and on their children a life-long martyrdom. But a Jew with a title is the most ridiculous anachronism that can be imagined. To become a citizen, to enter that class which is ever increasing in numbers and importance, is the right and the duty of a Jew. But shall there be a union of Jewish noble families, who, like others, shall marry only among themselves? The more we think of the matter, the more absurd the contradictions that arise. However, I did not mean to speak of the Jews, and pray the company to pardon me for having thus strayed from our main point."

"Had we not better put an end to the discussion altogether?" suggested Franken.

"I have done; only one word more. A piece of music always leaves a painful impression if we have not heard the final cadence, and, therefore, let me say, in a few words, that I consider the raising of a citizen to the ranks of the nobility a historical absurdity, to use no harsher term. The man who leaves the ranks of the citizens is a deserter, an apostate, I will not say a traitor and a fool also, for forsaking the conquering banner of the people. I understand the temptation; they want to secure their possessions to their family, to establish the right of entail; the sons want to be knights; but it is a stunted race after all, a mongrel stock, from which no good tree can grow."

Clodwig had several objects in view in speaking thus; he wanted to make a direct appeal to his companions in rank, and he wanted, once for all, to divert from their purpose Sonnenkamp and the Banker, who he knew had also been induced to aspire to a title.

Perceiving a peculiar expression in the

countenance of his old friend, he turned to him, and said:—

"I see you have something on your mind you would like to say."

"Nothing of any consequence," replied the Banker, with a shrug of his shoulders, offering his gold snuff-box to Clodwig and Sonnenkamp. "Our host is a perfect example of what is called in America 'a self-made man,' a term of great distinction. There is no term in our language which exactly expresses it. To have inherited nothing, but to have won everything by his own effort, is the greatest pride of an American. 'Self made man' is, so to speak, the motto upon his shield. Their president elect, Abraham Lincoln, is the best example of this class, who, from being a rail-splitter and a boatman, has attained the highest honor. Are you personally acquainted with Lincoln?"

"I have not the honor," replied Sonnenkamp.

Roland here approached the gentlemen, and requested them to join the rest of the company, as the plan was to have the band play, while all walked together to the place where they had left the carriages. All arose from table. The nobles from the various German principalities stared at one another in amazement, and if any magical change could have come over them, would certainly have been turned into stone, as the bridal procession had been. The long lieutenant and the sleepy Court-marshal would have made most grotesque figures. How was it that a nobleman, a Count von Wolfsgarten, could use such language? The man must be drunk!

They joined the ladies. Clodwig and Eric lingered a little behind. Eric had not spoken a word during the discussion, and Clodwig expressed his vexation at having inconsiderately opened his whole mind to persons, who did not want to listen to serious words.

"I am grateful to you for it," replied Eric.

"I will try to think," said Clodwig in conclusion, "that I have been talking only to you."

The two went together into the woods, where the ladies had now risen from their carpeted resting-place, and, seating themselves on the ground, watched the young people dancing on the meadow below.

Sonnenkamp stood leaning against a tall pine-tree, as if turned into stone, and almost wishing that the whole company might be actually petrified like the marriage procession. A butterfly, which flew over Clodwig's head, and fluttered back and forth

in the valley before Sonnenkamp's eyes, might have told him what Clodwig was saying to Eric on the hill.

"You asked me this morning my opinion on this matter; I think you know it now. I have declared distinctly, that I shall decidedly oppose all conferring of titles upon new men. I do not mind telling you, however, my young friend, that Herr Sonnenkamp's chances are very good, for my voice is not decisive."

Eric was strangely tempted to go down to where Sonnenkamp was standing and tell him this. He had witnessed the man's disappointment to-day, and would have been glad to encourage him, feeling sympathy for one who desired all things for his son's sake.

He restrained himself, however, being resolved to keep himself aloof from the whole matter. He told Clodwig how Roland had wished, on the evening of the ball, to confide to him the secret of their being about to receive a title, but that it was his intention not to mention the subject to the boy, although his father had opened the way for him to do so. Roland had thus far been keeping the matter quietly in his own mind, and it seemed better now to ignore it altogether, than than to have the son conceive any disapprobation of his father's proceedings. Clodwig agreed perfectly with his young friend, and repeatedly expressed his present contentment at Eric's having rejected his proposal to live with him, for there was a wider and richer field of usefulness open to him where he was.

Both were refreshed by their quiet intercourse.

The long lieutenant now broke in upon Sonnenkamp's solitary musings. The butterfly flew up again, and might have told those on the hill what was passing in the valley below.

"Herr von Sonnenkamp," began the long lieutenant, "have the negroes any musical talent?"

"The negroes are very fond of a kind of music of their own, which is nothing but noise," replied Sonnenkamp; "and many wise men consider that conversation which—" he paused for a word, but seemed to find none sharp enough, and at the same time sufficiently polite. At last he said—"which perhaps might pass for such in the little capital."

He joined the gay company, and, while the band played, they all walked to the place where the carriages were waiting.

It so happened, neither knew how, that Manna and Eric walked together through the woods. They went on, side by side,

in silence, though each had so much to say to the other.

"I hear," Manna began at last, "that Count Clodwig expressed himself warmly against rank; did he think that distinction of birth was in any way opposed to religion?"

"He said nothing of the kind."

Again they went on in silence.

"I wonder where our friend, Professor Einsiedel, has been to-day," began Manna again; "I am a pupil of his, too, now."

"It is a great privilege," answered Eric, "to know such a liberal, devout mind."

They said no more, but both felt that there was a sort of sympathy established between them by their reverence for the same man. Not only was their faculty of reverence now the same, but there was a common object of their reverence.

"Eric! Manna!" suddenly cried a voice, which was repeated by all the echoes of the forest. They stood startled at hearing their names thus coupled together, and sent back again, and again, by the stone figures of the bridal procession.

Roland came back to find them, and, giving his right hand to Manna and his left to Eric, led them thus to the carriage, in which all took their seats.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANGES WROUGHT IN MANY MINDS.

SONNENKAMP felt himself set aside by the Court, or rather completely overlooked; but he could not demean himself by allowing any feeling of wounded pride to appear, therefore he omitted none of the customary salutations of respect, even when the Sovereign looked ungraciously at him. That was the regular court service, to which he was determined to accustom himself.

The day was fixed for the departure of the Prince and his retinue. Sonnenkamp stood among the other distinguished visitors, making the last salutations beside the royal coach, and received his share of the Sovereign's gracious, parting glance. The Cabinetsrätin said to him, as he was about to take his place in the second carriage,—

"Your cause stands well, in spite of the very learned and honorable Court Wolfsgarten."

The departure of the court was, to a large circle of the visitors, like the withdrawal of the bride from the marriage dance; the dancing goes on, there is an exaggerated assumption of gaiety, but the main point of interest is wanting.

Crowds of people came and went; the lively circle, of which Bella formed the

centre, lost every day one or another of its members; Sonnenkamp was often obliged, against his will, to grace a departure with his offering of flowers. Bella, and Clodwig too, now prepared to depart. Eric had the satisfaction of seeing that a close attachment had been formed between Clodwig and his friend and teacher, Professor Einsiedel.

The last few days were a pleasant relief to Eric and Roland, after the life of excitement that had gone before. They took even the loss of Clodwig and Bella lightly, for they still had Professor Einsiedel. Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres, on the contrary, were sorely out of spirits; they felt like persons who have outlived their day.

Sonnenkamp compared himself to a bouquet that has not found a purchaser. What is it at evening? It is put in water through the night; the withered flowers are pulled off the next morning, and it is again exposed for sale. Will the success be any better this time? It must be tried.

The men and women, who, as long as Bella was present had been their constant associates, now saluted them formally, and joined themselves to new comers. They often met Professor Crutius in company with a number of Americans who were at the Baths, and who almost always looked curiously at Sonnenkamp. Crutius himself hardly acknowledged his friendly greetings.

The morning fixed for departure came at last; Sonnenkamp and his retinue set off in three carriages. There were fewer friends to bid them good-bye than they had expected, yet still the carriages were adorned with flowers; there was a wreath upon the roof of Sonnenkamp's coach, and even the spokes of the wheels were twined with garlands; the postilion also wore a wreath. All had the appearance of being done by friends, but was in reality the work of Lootz.

The party breakfasted in the open air, and entered the carriages quietly from the street, without returning to the house.

Professor Einsiedel was among those who came to take leave, and, drawing Manna a little apart, he said to her in a low voice, —

"I told you in my last lecture — I beg your pardon, my dear child; I forgot I was speaking only to you. I have already told you of my desire to enter a convent, but a free convent, now that I have grown weary of life in the world, am solitary, and am inclined to finish in retirement whatever I may still be able to accomplish. But whether you, my dear child, before you

have done with life, should withdraw yourself from it, is a question you ought very seriously to consider; there can be no more terrible fate than to feel your soul filled with all manner of unrest when you have taken the vow to consecrate yourself to the noblest thoughts. Consider it seriously, dear child; I speak only from my interest in your welfare, my heartfelt interest," said the little man, in a voice broken with emotion.

"I know it, and I believe you," answered Manna. The tears stood in her eyes, and two big drops fell upon the flowers she held in her hand.

Roland came up to them and took off his hat to the Professor, who, laying his hand on the boy's head, said, —

"Keep on well, and remember that you too have a friend in me."

Roland was too much moved to speak; he could only kiss the old man's delicate childlike hand. The people at a distance looked on in amazement. The postilion blew his horn till he started the echoes in mountain and valley. With no decisive point gained, they left the place where they had experienced so much that was painful and pleasant.

The carriage rolled on for a long time without a word being spoken; at last Roland said softly to Eric: —

"Now I have a grandfather too."

Eric remained silent. Roland's attention was attracted by the flowers that strewed the road; not only withered flowers, but fresh bunches also that had been thrown after the departing guests, and now lay in the street to be crushed under the carriage wheels. He was reminded of Manna's complaint at the waste of flowers here, and thought how just it was.

Manna sat buried in thought. She had come to the Baths only for the sake of being with her family, yet in no one of the party had such a vital change been effected. But she did not own it yet even to herself. She silently folded her hands and prayed.

They reached the station.

"Hear the whistle of the engine!" said Roland. "I feel that we are already at home, now I hear that whistle, don't you? We seem to have been in a different world where that sound never reaches. I hope we shall find all right at home."

Eric rejoiced in Roland's animation, and told him they must keep up good courage if they did find some things changed. They would not let anything spoil the pleasure of their getting home again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AFTER-EFFECTS.

"You will see the effects by-and-by," the Doctor had said to Sonnenkamp and his wife at their departure. "You will see the effect by-and-by," had been the point of the Cabinetsrath's parting words.

The Sonnenkamps returned to the Rhine, full of fresh expectations.

They arrived at the villa and found everything in excellent condition. The great corridor, connecting the green-houses with the stables, a graceful structure of cast iron which Sonnenkamp had planned before his departure, was completed, and its iron pillars already so hung with climbing plants, that no trace of its being a recent addition appeared. Sonnenkamp expressed the satisfaction he felt.

Every one felt himself animated with fresh cheerfulness. The pleasant home feeling was enhanced by the recent excitements of the journey.

Sonnenkamp asked if many strangers had visited the house and garden during his absence, for he allowed the servants every year the privilege of exhibiting to visitors, while he was at the Baths, the lower story of the villa, the hot-houses, fruit-garden, and stables.

The butler replied that there had never been so many visitors as this year, and that he had pointed out to every one the place where the Prince and Princess had sat.

Sonnenkamp ordered the man to bring him the visitor's book, which was kept in the billiard-room, a great hall adjoining the hot-houses. Strict orders were given that only names should be inscribed in the book. In an excited tone he asked, after reading a long list of names:—

"Who wrote that?"

At first no one confessed to any knowledge of the names, but finally the second gardener, the 'squirrel,' said that two gentlemen had come together, one of whom wanted once to be Roland's tutor; and the other was a tall, stately man who spoke Westphalian German. The tall man, with the light curling hair, did not write anything, but the other, whom he addressed as Professor, wrote all these names. The man remembered being struck by it at the time.

Sonnenkamp at once concluded that the man who had written the names could be no other than Professor Crutius. The names were those of the leaders of the slave party in the Southern States. It was out of the question that these men had been

there themselves; but what meant this reminder of them?

The matter disturbed Sonnenkamp for a while, but he finally succeeded in dismissing it from his mind.

"Your old enemy," he said almost aloud to himself, "has come back, and that is nothing but your unhappy brooding imagination."

Eric himself had no greater pleasure in embracing his mother again, than Roland and Manna felt.

"You and Aunt Claudine," cried Roland, "are dearer to me than all the trees in the park, the house, and everything else. You too have been staying here faithfully, waiting for us to come home. How good it is to have you here, that we may have some one to receive us when we come back!"

The boy's whole heart swelled with inward happiness.

Manna said nothing, but her look showed how deeply she felt the peaceful influence of the two ladies. She found in this little home some of the rest she had found in the convent, and yet here no outward vows had been taken; these two women were completely free. By little and little, she told the mother about Professor Einsiedel, and rejoiced her by showing her appreciation of the deep consecration of spirit to which this student of science had attained.

Sonnenkamp was more thoughtful than ever. This striving after a title seemed to him a loss of independence, a loss that he was voluntarily incurring. He returned from the Baths with the impression, that he should be always treated by the nobles themselves as a stranger and an interloper, and would always have to be on his guard against misconstruction of his smallest actions. The words of the Banker rang in his ears: Every one should hold fast to the distinction of being a self-made man.

Was it not better that a man should be the source of his own honor, than that he should allow it to be conferred upon him by another?

Here he was brought up before an insurmountable wall. He was vexed at having to worry and brood so over the matter, yet he could not dismiss it from his mind. He had just come to the resolution of begging the Cabinetsrath to give it all up, when he received a letter from him, saying that the matter might be considered as in a fair way of being satisfactorily concluded.

Sonnenkamp looked about him when he had read the words. Now he had it in his grasp, and he would throw it from him. There would be more greatness, more satisfaction, in that than accepting it. But

then what would become of Frau Ceres, Manna, and Roland? How could he draw back? For a moment the thought passed through his mind that he would sell all his property here and remove to Switzerland, France, or Italy. But he imagined the longing he would feel to be back here again; he felt that the social position and consideration to which he had grown accustomed here, had become a necessity to him. He walked among the trees which he had planted, which he had trained and cared for, and felt that they had grown to be a part of himself; he looked towards the Rhine, and was conscious of that magic power of attraction which takes possession of every one who has once made his home beside it.

Forward! he cried to himself. The ball has been set rolling and must reach its goal!

He read the letter again, and perceived that the Jewish banker had applied for a title at the same time with himself, but, strange to say, had withdrawn his name. The letter also said that an expression of opinion from Herr Weidmann was expected, and as it was not sure how he would view the case, it would be desirable for Herr Sonnenkamp to cultivate a closer acquaintance with him.

Another point in the letter gave Sonnenkamp cause for wonder; the Cabinetsrath, with many charges of secrecy, wrote that the opinion of Count Wolfsgarten had been most plainly spoken, but that a remark of his had decided the case in Herr Sonnenkamp's favor.

Here were too many riddles. Sonnenkamp resolved to do nothing for the present. He had been kept waiting so long that others might as well take their turn at it.

The Doctor came and reviewed the family. He thought that all had been benefited by the Baths, but that Herr Sonnenkamp was still feeling too much the exciting effects of the life there.

The Doctor had felt the pulse of each one, and reviewed them all, but that did not tell him the changes that had taken place in their souls.

Frau Ceres was as tired and bored as ever, and thought it terrible to come back to having nothing to hear of but the beauties of nature.

Manna could hardly believe that she had been through so much noise and excitement.

The most opposite effects, however, had been produced upon Roland and Eric.

Eric had to acknowledge that Professor Einsiedel's warnings had been just. In this life of dissipation, of constant devotion to

others, his own self was getting lost. He wished now to hedge in a certain enclosure about himself that he could devote to study, and in which he could build up his own life anew. He set Roland solitary tasks, and in reply to his questions often gave evasive and unsatisfactory answers, telling him that he wanted to leave him to work out as many questions as he could by himself.

Roland for the first time felt deserted by Eric, and at a time, too, when he needed him more than ever. The idle life at the Baths, the excitement, the gaities, the constant intercourse with men and women who openly expressed their admiration for him, all this left in his heart, as soon as the first feeling of delight in getting home had passed away, a void, a restless craving, which made the quiet of the house, the regular routine of study, an intolerable burden to him. He wanted to be away among people again, among his comrades.

The Cadet told him that he had been made an ensign, and should soon make him a visit, with some of his comrades.

Roland kept impatiently looking out for some diversion, some excitement. A remark of the long lieutenant, that he ought no longer to be under the rule of a tutor, rose to his mind, and made him fret under his want of freedom.

In this frame of mind he sought his father, and asked if the title of nobility had not been received yet. Sonnenkamp comforted him as well as he could from day to day, but, happening to tell him once that Eric knew of what was in anticipation, Roland was filled with anger. Why had Eric never said a word to him about it?

Eric's mother became conscious of the change in Roland long before Eric himself did, but he perceived it at last, and laid aside his own work. But his efforts to regain his old influence over his pupil seemed for a time quite fruitless. An unexpected event was to come to his assistance.

The Major came one day with a request, that Sonnenkamp would allow the Free Masons to have an entertainment in the newly finished armory of the castle, as Herr Weidmann was desirous of having the fête come off there. Sonnenkamp's first impulse was to consent, feeling some surprise at the extraordinary coincidence that should lead Weidmann to enter into communication with him just at this time. Unwilling to appear too eager to oblige, however, he asked why Herr Weidmann had not made the request himself.

This seemed to embarrass the Major somewhat, for he could not explain that the suggestion had originated with himself, and

that Weidmann had sharply refused to have any dealings with Sonnenkamp.

Sonnenkamp asked if he might be informed of the names of the persons in the neighborhood who belonged to the body, and found, upon looking over the list the Major handed him, that there were not enough names of consideration among them; even Herr von Endlich having withdrawn his, since his elevation to the ranks of the nobility. Sonnenkamp therefore declined, but requested the Major to bring about, in some way, a nearer acquaintance between himself and Weidmann.

"I know an excellent way," said the Major. "Herr Weidmann is very desirous of receiving a visit from Roland and Eric. Send them to him."

This, too, Sonnenkamp declined, thinking it not his place to make advances towards a man who kept aloof as Weidmann did. The following day, as he was riding, he almost dropped the bridle from his hand, on meeting a carriage in which sat Weidmann, and, beside him, a man who ought to be on the other side of the ocean.

The man was remarkably tall, and had a strikingly fresh and youthful appearance. As Sonnenkamp rode by, Weidmann bowed. His companion seemed surprised, but raised his hat also, and in so doing showed a head which could not be mistaken. The thick, wavy hair, the high forehead, the kindly expression, in the glance of the blue eyes, were all unmistakable. Sonnenkamp could not help looking back, to make sure that he had not been deceived. The stranger in the wagon also had risen and was looking back, and Sonnenkamp's eye detected something like a nod, such as a man might make who found his suspicions confirmed.

Sonnenkamp reined in his horse, feeling weak and paralyzed, as if he could no longer keep his seat in the saddle. Yes, 'tis he! 'Tis his deadly enemy, his most violent antagonist! How happens he here now? He listened until he no longer heard the rattling of the wheels, and then turned and walked his horse towards home. But shortly after, gathering up the reins, and whipping and spurring his black steed, he rode toward the Major's.

He did not find him at home. Fräulein Milch, whom he always disliked, was there, and told him that the Major was at the castle.

He rode to the castle, and in a very natural way spoke of a visitor at Weidmann's. The Major stated that Weidmann's nephew, Doctor Fritz, had been there now for a short time, having come to take away his child, who had been at Mattenheim under Knopf's instruction.

"Was this visitor at the villa while I was away?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"Yes, indeed, he and Professor Crutius. Both of 'em were highly delighted with the beauty of your house, and your skill in gardening. The seeds I bought of the head-gardener are for Dr. Fritz, who'll take them to America. Send Eric and Roland to Mattenheim; 'twill be delightful to both of 'em to know the excellent Doctor Fritz, but you must do it speedily, for I hear he's going away very soon."

Eric and Roland, fortunately, came just at this moment to the castle, and the Major took great satisfaction in spurring them up to make at last the visit to Weidmann. Roland was highly delighted that there was some diversion in prospect, that he was to make a journey and break in upon the humdrum life; and Eric hoped that Roland would receive a new impulse from observing a life of active usefulness.

This time, Sonnenkamp laid his plans more prudently. With Clodwig, Eric had brought nothing to pass, although he had had a direct commission; but now he gave Eric instructions which appeared very natural under the circumstances, but which would enable him to gain a knowledge of everything which it was important for himself to know. Eric was to send a message after several days, and then Sonnenkamp would come for him at Mattenheim. In the mean time he wanted to make a carriage-journey to another part of the country.

In the morning, when Eric and Roland were setting out for Mattenheim, Manna concluded to make her long delayed call upon the Priest. Fräulein Perini had said in direct terms, that the Priest had expressed his surprise at her not having been to see him since her return home. Fräulein Perini wanted Manna to hear from herself, that she had been at the Priest's; but of course, she did not inform her that she had given to the Priest a very circumstantial account of their residence at Carlsbad.

Manna had no sooner entered the Priest's house, than she wanted to turn back again immediately, for she learned from the house-keeper that the Dean from the capital was on a visit to the Priest. But the latter must have heard her when she arrived, for he came out and led her by the hand into the study. He introduced her to the Dean as a postulant.

Manna did not know what he meant; and the Dean, perceiving this, explained to her that he knew of her pure purpose to take the veil.

Manna cast down her eyes timidly and humbly, while she was obliged to listen to

her praises from both of the men. She could not help herself, and yet she experienced a deep internal conflict.

The Dean asked if there had been any high dignitary of the Church at the springs, and Manna said that there had not.

When the Priest now asked if she had become acquainted with any men of distinguished attainments, Manna considered it her duty to mention particularly Professor Einsiedel.

"Then you have made the acquaintance of that incarnate, shrivelled up darkness—that miserable mannikin, who is fond of being styled an ancient Greek?"

Both of the men laughed, and Manna was amazed to see how the Professor, so highly venerated by her, was made a complete laughing stock. She did not feel adequate to defend him here, and kept silence. "We will accompany you home," said the Priest at last. "You, my honored fellow laborer, must see for once the beautiful villa."

Escorted by the two ecclesiastics Manna went home, appearing to herself like a captured criminal, and yet the men were very friendly and confiding.

They met Sonnenkamp in the courtyard. He was very complaisant and respectful; and he took especial satisfaction in showing to the highly venerated men the park, the orchard, the hot-houses, and, finally, the villa.

The Dean exhibited a fine appreciation of everything, and when Sonnenkamp dwelt upon the fact, with a certain degree of pride, that every fire-place had its own separate flue, he all at once noticed that the Dean exchanged a passing glance with the Priest, at the same time wearing a satisfied smile.

Ho, ho! thought Sonnenkamp. You think that, do you? These men are taking a view of the villa, in order already to make their dispositions how to turn this house into a convent, when Manna has carried out her plan? Ho, ho! I would rather burn up the house and everything in it!

The two ecclesiastics could not understand why the expression of Sonnenkamp's countenance was so suddenly changed and so exultant; he was delighted to penetrate the deception of other people. He bore the men company as far as the gate, and begged them to visit his modest house very frequently.

John Twiller. By Digby P. Starkey, L. L. D. (Tinsley.)—John Twiller is a man who thinks himself to possess genius, but really has nothing beyond sentiment and a certain cleverness. The writer tells us his story, inflicting his effusions on us to an amount which, considering that we are told that he was a failure, cannot be justified; and finally conducting him, by one of the ordinary expedients of a novelist, to a more secure fortune than he could have gained by the exercise of his brains. The book certainly has some merit. The style is crowded with long words; they are used, it may be said, of set purpose, but then they should be used correctly; and it is certainly not correct to speak of eight years as a *bilustral* period. But there are good things to be found. It is well said of a man of depressed spirits that "*he swam through life low*;" and of one who had been praying, that "*the dust on the knees of his trousers was a humble travesty of the beam on the face of Moses*,"—evidence of recent communion with God." And there is a humorous extravagance in the servant who has been bullied till he is terribly afraid of the horse-whip, confiding to his sweetheart that he chose the Isle of Man as the place to which he would run away, because he had heard of there being a diminutive breed of horses in that place, and argued that *the whips would be found of corresponding dimensions*. This reminds one of De Quincey.

Spectator.

Gun, Rod, and Saddle. By Ubique. (Chapman and Hall.)—"Ubique" has sported in every quarter of the world, and here gives us his experiences. Of his three subjects, the "Rod" seems to be his favourite; and we, who share his partiality, have found his stories very interesting. His accounts of "bass" fishing are particularly good; and he makes what may be a valuable suggestion when he recommends that this fish should be naturalized. It is very hardy, thrives in running and still water, on clay and gravelly bottoms indifferently, shows splendid sport, and is very good eating. We hope that some one of our readers will make the experiment, and not forget the present writer if he can get up a good stock. The stories of sea-fishing at Gibraltar and the Cape of Good Hope are tantalizing; and every one ought to know that there are salmon in Japan. "Ubique" gives good advice to anglers; one of his "dodges" in trout-fishing is so ingenious that we must quote it. Fishing with a minnow, you put a worm on the hook so arranged that the ends hang down on either side, and the minnow appears to be carrying it off. The trout sees this, and gives up all suspicion, thinking, it would seem, to himself, "That is a vigorous fellow; see what he is carrying off; no fisherman has meddled with him!" and snaps at him accordingly.

Spectator.

From The Edinburgh Review.
AMERICAN FINANCE.*

THE public debt of the United States amounted, on the 1st of July 1860, to a capital of 13,400,000*l*. On the 1st of July 1865, according to Mr. McCulloch's latest Report, the debt including unliquidated claims, exceeded 600,000,000*l*. During four years the Government expenditure averaged nearly 500,000*l*. a day.

Of the 600,000,000*l*., which represented the public debt of the 1st of July 1865, no part had been borrowed in the form of a perpetual annuity. The Government had bound itself to repay the whole at different dates; about 200,000,000*l*. at periods varying from five to forty years; about 100,000,000*l*. on demand, though the pledge had been broken in this case by making the notes a legal tender and suspending specie payments; and the remaining 300,000,000*l*. either immediately, or at specified periods within three years. The revenue, meanwhile had been raised, by rapid increase of taxation, from 10,000,000*l*. in 1860 to 70,000,000*l*. currency † in 1865.

With the return of peace and an unconditional submission of all the insurrectionary States, nothing but the unlucky contest which arose between President and Congress prevented political parties from gradually dropping the old war issues and forming themselves in new combinations on financial grounds. The United States Government was suddenly required to meet and overcome a series of economical difficulties not new in the experiences of nations, nor even in its own short history, and certainly not, like the war, threatening the national existence, nor necessarily dangerous even to the national credit, but still serious, and involving to a certain extent the confidence men give or refuse to American institutions. Four years have now passed since peace was restored and the Government was enabled to begin its healing policy, made so urgently necessary by four years of civil war. Mr. Johnson's administration is now closed, and the beginning of a new presidency is a very convenient time for sum-

ming up the result, and measuring the difficulties which General Grant must face.

So far as the men are concerned, who have directed the financial policy of Mr. Johnson's administration, not much need be said, since they were few in number and owed their importance rather to the posts they held than to any extraordinary genius or power of their own. The President himself had little to do with the department of finance, and the few suggestions he made in public did not increase his reputation either as a financier or a statesman. All the serious labour and all the moral responsibility fell upon Mr. McCulloch, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the subordinate officers of the Treasury Department.

Mr. McCulloch had originally no political weight or influence, and never abused the patronage of his office in order to acquire it. He received his financial education in the State of Indiana at a time when this part of the United States was called 'the West;' and in its attempt to supply the absence of capital by the creation of unlimited credit, alternately rolled in imaginary wealth or struggled in hopeless insolvency. Without becoming a trained political economist, Mr. McCulloch gained a high reputation for ability as a banker, until, thanks to his skill and success, the State Bank of Indiana presented in 1857 to an astonished country the spectacle of a bank which actually maintained specie payments when all its rivals were obliged to suspend. When Mr. Lincoln's administration entered office in March 1861, Mr. Chase, now Chief Justice, held the post of Secretary of the Treasury. The most important among his financial contrivances was one which entirely reorganized the banking system, and converted what had hitherto been a private and unrestricted bank note circulation, authorized by State charters, into a national currency, restricted in amount, guaranteed by the United States Government, and secured by deposits of United States bonds in the United States Treasury. This immense scheme, which is not to be confounded with the issue of legal-tender 'green-back' currency, required the supervision of an experienced head, and Mr. Chase accordingly called Mr. McCulloch to Washington to perform the duties of Comptroller of the Currency.

In 1864 Mr. Chase retired from the Cabinet, and was succeeded by Mr. Fessenden, one of the senators from Maine, who after nine months of official life returned to his old seat in the Senate, preferring the ease

* 1. *Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances.* Washington: 1865-66-67-68.

2. *Reports of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue.* Washington: 1866-67-68.

† The average depreciation since the war has been about 25 per cent. — 140 : 100 :: 150 : 71 423. On account of the difficulty of converting currency into coin in each case, which would only cause confusion, we shall always state the currency at its nominal value in sterling, and leave the reader to deduct 25 per cent. for depreciation, wherever the deduction is necessary. The debt, principal and interest, is for the most part a coin debt.

and divided responsibility of that oligarchical body to the hard work and capacious attacks to which he was exposed in the Treasury. Mr. Lincoln was then obliged to make a new selection. In England it has become a settled principle of Government that the Treasury is the point about which all other branches of administration must be grouped, and political power obtains there as a matter of course its strongest development, so that none but an eminent political chief would venture to occupy the position which confers so formidable a political influence. In the United States it is equally true that the Treasury is the centre of power and patronage in fact if not in name; but there was great danger lest, in the case of Mr. Chase, the Secretary might use or be thought to use his official influence in such a way as to make him a dangerous political rival of the President. None but a man supported by great popular influence, and with a controlling voice in the Cabinet, can properly administer the department; and no such man is likely to be long tolerated there. Mr. Lincoln had made the experiment with Mr. Chase, and it had not answered his purpose. He now tried an opposite policy, and promoted Mr. McCulloch to the vacant post.

In some respects the appointment was excellent. Mr. McCulloch was perhaps more capable than a greater man would have been of managing the affairs of his office. His judgment and advice have been uniformly good. No one has ever questioned his integrity. He has been patient, hopeful, courageous; no disappointment has shaken his constancy; all the progress hitherto made in solving the financial difficulties of the country has been principally due to him and to his subordinates. But at a time when great reforms are in hand, and the public is wavering in doubt as to the direction of its true interests, one condition of success is that the reforming leader should be not merely the head of a department, but a politician in the better sense of the word, capable of commanding support both in the Cabinet and among the people, and determined to over-ride opposition or to abandon office. Mr. McCulloch had no party and no means of controlling his own actions; he was easy in temper, inclined to yield where he could honestly escape difficulty by doing so; and the result was that though he spoke forcibly and justly, he was heard without deference, and there was never a thought of obedience; Congress practically seized his functions, and he was left to carry out a policy with which he had

only a moderate sympathy. Of his two principal subordinates, Mr. Rollins, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was brought by political jealousies into sharp antagonism to his chief; while the duties of Mr. Wells, the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, were entirely consultative, and consisted in obtaining and giving information on all matters connected with the Revenue, or, in other words, of supplying a financial education to Congress and to the people which both Congress and the people were slow in appreciating. The four Reports of Mr. Wells, the first of which was made on the part of a commission of three persons, are the most useful documents—we had almost said the only useful documents—which have been published in regard to the United States Revenue system.

Congress, distrusting both the President and his Cabinet, early felt itself obliged to assume a larger share in the administration than had in former days been thought to fall within its powers. So far as the Treasury was concerned, this interference might perhaps have proved a financial advantage had the members of Congress, either as individuals or collectively, enjoyed a longer experience, better judgment or greater honesty than McCulloch and his subordinates. The members of the 39th and 40th Congress, however, had not been chosen on account of their financial capacity. Except on the incidental point of free trade and protection, little general interest had in this generation been felt in economical questions. Slavery, the war, and the conditions of peace were the issues on which members had appealed to their constituents, until the popular humour leaned decidedly towards a contempt for matters of mere administration as of trifling importance compared with these overruling interests. Good government, however, is a condition of national success, no matter how important other issues may be; and the day when a nation's politics turn exclusively on questions of fidelity to great moral abstractions, is a disastrous day for good government. The leaders of Congress, brought up as they had been to study moral abstractions alone, carried, as heads of committees and framers of bills, the wildest financial theories into practical effect. They undertook, with the aid of their boldest and ablest member, the late Mr. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, to make laws of political economy by Act of Congress, and they succeeded so far as to throw the economical fabric of society into an unnatural and unsound condition, likely to last many years and to cost the nation either a more or

less violent shock if corrected, or a severer blow to its credit and honour if allowed to become chronic.

Ability of a certain kind was not the quality wanted in Congress, but the disposition to employ ability in the study of liberal principles. Every petty manufacture or other interest in the country could, by judicious management of the more or less corrupt combinations now called 'rings,' set ability enough at work, if its objects were only to get its rag of protection and barter away with other petty interests the public and common advantage in order to steal a few dollars from one class of citizens, to be put in the pockets of another class. The general good alone had no voice, for it had no 'ring.' The object of each member of Congress was to conciliate every interest that could promise support or threaten danger to his party or to his private ambition; wider interests were not understood, and were still struggling to obtain a hearing, without as yet having made the first step towards success, which in the United States must always be taken through a political organization. The complaints of Mr. Wells are almost pathetic.

'Every interest that has been strong enough or sufficiently persistent to secure efficient representation at Washington has received a full measure of attention, while every other interest that has not had sufficient strength behind it to prompt to action, has been imperfectly treated or entirely neglected. . . . Whenever a partial effort to arrest the attention of the committees has been made, the claims of the great special interests have been too urgent and imperative to allow time for consideration. Two years ago the commissioner, aided by the voluntary efforts of some of the best experts of the American Pharmaceutical Society, prepared and submitted to Congress a complete revision of this important branch of the tariff (the branch of drugs and chemicals). This work, however, was not only not accepted, but the very fact that it was performed has been made the occasion of complaints as involving unnecessary interference with pending legislation, and a useless expenditure of time and labour.'

There has been much question as to the existence of corruption in the United States Congress, and one House has even gone so far as to entertain charges of corruption against the other. In the significant language of the 'lobby,' no Bill that *has money in it*, is said to have much chance of becoming law without paying tax to some one in its passage. Certain it is that public opinion permits many things to be done by Congressmen which a stricter sense of propriety would condemn, but we can find no evi-

dence that money has had any direct influence over legislation, although it is useless even to attempt any estimate of its indirect influence through party organizations and political 'rings.' The science of Government has, in this respect, received a new illustration in the United States, to which we cannot do justice in a parenthesis.

The financial difficulties of the American Government belong to two classes more or less distinct; those which relate to the management of the debt, including the depreciated legal-tender currency; and those which relate to revenue. In order to prevent misunderstanding, we may as well state at the outset that actual want of money is not, and since the war has never been, one of the embarrassments of the United States' Treasury. The revenue has been always in excess of all charges, and is likely to continue large enough to provide for a steady diminution of the debt.

The Southern armies surrendered in April 1865, and on the first day of that month, only two weeks before armed resistance ceased, the Treasury was in the condition described in the Secretary's last Report:—

'With 11,600,000*l.* in the treasury, there were requisitions waiting for payment (the delay in the payment of which was greatly discrediting the Government) to the amount of 23,500,000*l.*; there were 10,800,000*l.* of temporary loan certificates liable to be presented in from ten to thirty days' notice, and 35,300,000*l.* of certificates of indebtedness which had been issued to contractors for want of the money to pay the requisitions in their favour, which were maturing daily. At the same time the efforts to negotiate securities were not being attended with the usual success, while the expenses of the war were not less than 400,000*l.* per day.'

The surrender of the insurgent armies did not relieve, but on the contrary rather sharpened, the immediate pressure, since about 140,000,000*l.* was needed, in addition to revenue receipts, for the purpose of paying requisitions preparatory to a disbandment of the army. To meet these demands the Secretary threw on the market more than 100,000,000*l.* in seven-thirty notes, so called because they bore 7-3-10 per cent. interest. These were so rapidly taken up by the people that in less than four months the Treasury was freed from all its embarrassments, the army was paid and disbanded, the extraordinary expenses of war were stopped, and the revenue alone, before the end of 1865, provided the means of carrying on the Government. The Secretary never alluded in his Reports to this part of his administration without showing a certain feeling of gratitude and pride.

'If few men,' said he in 1867, 'entrusted with the management of the finances of a great nation, were ever in a position so embarrassing and trying as was that of the Secretary of the United States Treasury in the months of April and May 1865, none certainly were ever so happily and promptly relieved.' With this final crisis at the moment of discharging the army, came an end to the many shifts to which the Government had hitherto been driven by the necessity of raising money, and from this time the Secretary was able to turn his attention towards restoring the credit of the nation and placing it on a solid basis.

Of the 600,000,000*l.* which, according to Mr. McCulloch, was the highest amount ever reached by the public debt, only 570,000,000*l.* ever appeared in any permanent form of indebtedness, the remaining 30,000,000*l.* having been subsequently paid out of surplus revenue or debts actually due at the close of the war. Little more than 200,000,000*l.* was funded in such a manner as to relieve the Secretary from any anxiety in regard to it. The remainder, of which about 100,000,000*l.* served as currency, and 260,000,000*l.* principally in 7.30 notes were liable to redemption at different periods within three years, constituted the floating debt, with which Mr. McCulloch was now obliged to deal.

In the whole range of political economy no one principle has been more often established than the dangers, not to mention the expense, of a depreciated and fluctuating paper currency. Every day's delay in restoring the standard of value tended to fix prices on a scale too variable for economy but too firm to be shaken without a serious shock to credit. There were good arguments enough to prove that a gradual return to specie payments was theoretically the wisest plan, and that any violent experiment was the worst plan of all; and yet it was perfectly clear at the time, that this was one of those cases in which the worst policy would succeed where the better policy would fail. We cannot indeed tell what disasters might have been caused by immediately calling in and funding the legal-tender paper, but we know that the gradual process has been tried without success, and that the end would have justified the means. The Secretary, however, had no right to take any steps without the authority of Congress. So soon, therefore, as he had fairly overcome the immediate difficulties of his position, and the Government expenditure had been reduced so far that the revenue was alone more than sufficient to meet it, he turned his attention, as true policy required,

to the currency, and attempted to give such a direction to public opinion as would stimulate Congress to immediate action. In an oft-quoted speech at Fort Wagner, a town of Indiana, in October 1865, he announced the policy to be pursued:—

'I am not one of those,' said he, 'who seem disposed to repudiate coin as a measure of value, and to make a secured paper currency the standard. Whenever specie is needed the paper currency of the country should be convertible into it, and a circulation which is not so convertible will not be, and ought not to be, long tolerated by the people. The present inconvertible currency of the United States was a necessity of the war, but now that the war has ceased and the Government ought not to be longer a borrower, this currency should be brought up to the specie standard, and I see no way of doing this but by withdrawing a portion of it from circulation. . . . The longer the inflation continues, the more difficult will it be for us to get back to the solid ground of specie payments, to which we must return sooner or later. If Congress shall, early in the approaching session, authorize the funding of legal-tenders, and the work of reduction is commenced and carried on resolutely, but carefully and prudently, we shall reach it probably without serious embarrassment to legitimate business; if not, we shall have a brief period of hollow and seductive prosperity resulting in wide-spread bankruptcy and disaster.'

Congress met in December, and Mr. McCulloch in his official Report repeated and elaborated his argument in favour of contraction. Few persons as yet dared to oppose openly a policy on which all the financial operations of the war had rested, or to deny the implied pledge of the earliest possible return to specie payments, which lay at the bottom of all their legislation. Congress at once gave its approval to Mr. McCulloch's doctrine, and the House passed on the 18th of December, by a vote of 144 to 6, the following Resolution, which proved that Congress was still correct in its financial opinions, although its ideas on the subject of English grammar and composition were irregular:—

'Resolved, that this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge co-operative action to this end as speedily as possible.'

A sceptical critic might even at this early time have suggested that the House had selected its words very happily if its purpose was only to pledge itself speedily and

not to pledge speedy action. Mr. McCulloch, however, having carried his point, probably troubled himself very little about the grammatical peculiarities of his friends. He waited for them to redeem their promise of 'speedy action,' and four months later, on the 12th of April 1868, just a year after the close of the war, Congress passed an Act authorizing the Secretary to withdraw 2,000,000*l.* of the legal-tender currency within the next six months, after which he was at liberty to withdraw 800,000*l.* a month. During the first year, therefore, the extreme contraction could not exceed 6,800,000*l.* in a total of 80,000,000*l.*

A member of the House ventured to trifle with its dignity, by comparing this policy of piecemeal contraction to 'the unwise philosophy of a humane man who was too kind-hearted to cut off his dog's tail at one stroke, and accordingly took only a little piece each day.' The member who made this criticism had humour, if he wanted refinement. The illustration smells a little of the kennel, but there was force in it. The process chosen by the House was calculated to excite the greatest possible amount of resistance and to prolong the struggle for years, with almost a certainty that popular clamour would force Congress to abandon the effort long before the result was reached. Mr. McCulloch had not asked for this measure, and only resigned himself to it as being better than no measure at all. He had asked for absolute discretionary power over the whole ground, to contract rapidly or slowly according to the condition of the country; and he believed that this contraction could be so skilfully managed as to save credit and society any severe shock. Congress can scarcely be blamed for refusing to place such a power in the hands of a single man who was not responsible to it for his action; but if Congress was determined to rely on its own judgment, success should have justified such an interference. We believe Mr. McCulloch to have been too sanguine, but he would probably have been more successful than Congress. To elevate the standard of value from 72 to 100 is a task which becomes exclusively difficult if prices have settled at the former point; it implies a great pressure on values and an entire overthrow of a corrupt system which in the United States had already taken deep root. Mr. McCulloch believed that the effect on prices would be merely nominal, and we will not undertake to say that he was mistaken; but whether nominal or not, the process is so difficult that

no Government has ever succeeded in carrying it out, although nearly every Government in the history of the world has at one time or another degraded its standard, as the mere names of coins so commonly show. The example of England in 1819 served only to mislead public opinion in America. Mr. Tooke, in his 'History of Prices,' has sufficiently proved that the Bank of England note between 1797 and 1819 belonged to a different class of currency from that in which assignats and green-backs and other forced issues are to be placed. We must go back to the famous episode in English history of which Locke and Montagu were the heroes, before we can find an example of a forcible elevation of the standard; but so far as Government paper-money is concerned, issued not in bank-discounts but by force, not regulated by public demand, nor liable to be thrown off the market if superfluous, there has been, we believe, no single instance in history where such a currency, once depreciated, to any considerable extent, has ever been redeemed at its par value. Two methods of restoring a fixed standard have been tried; the barbarous method of permanently degrading the standard itself; and the civilized method of redeeming the paper at its supposed market value, or repudiating it altogether. The United States Government has pledged itself not to repudiate its obligations either in one way or the other. It has promised redemption in full, and if it succeeds, it will offer an example to the many nations now suffering under the same difficulties, which they will be glad to follow. If it fails, Europe will have the satisfaction of knowing that no new principle of finance has yet been discovered beyond the Atlantic, and that there is no danger threatened to European pride from the superior honesty of the United States.

The result of the act of April 12, 1866, was precisely what one might have predicted without laying any claim to peculiar foresight. During the year 1866, and a part of 1867, Mr. McCulloch was allowed to exercise his right of contraction until in November the amount of legal-tender currency was reduced from 80,000,000*l.* to about 73,000,000*l.* The year 1867 was everywhere one of severe depression; prices and wages fell in the United States as they fell in Europe, and a cry was immediately raised against contraction. Mr. McCulloch yielded to the popular demand, and stopped contracting, in the hope of quieting complaint. In his annual Report of December he made an earnest appeal to Congress to persevere in its policy; and when it became evident

that Congress was panic-stricken, he even pledged himself to withdraw no more paper until better times should return; but all his entreaties were absolutely thrown away, and almost the first act of Congress was to hurry a bill through both Houses with scarcely a pretence of opposition, by which the policy of contraction was finally abandoned, after an experiment of eighteen months and the withdrawal of about 7,000,000*l.* in legal-tender notes. The whole subject has remained a mere topic of empty discussion since the passage of this law in January 1868.

In the meanwhile, although the Secretary was not permitted to exercise his own discretion in funding legal-tender notes, no opposition was offered to his other funding operations which were on a scale such as very few financial ministers have ever known. Within three years after the close of hostilities, Mr. McCulloch was obliged to dispose of a floating debt equal to about 260,000,000*l.*, and this operation, which even in the quietest time would have given the strongest Government good cause for anxiety, had to be effected on the unsteady basis of a depreciated currency, the daily value of which depended on a thousand chances, with society and industry still disorganized, and in the face of a threatened financial crisis which was generally expected as a necessary result of reckless national expenditure and of an inflated and unsound condition of trade. In order to guard, so far as he could, against the dangers he foresaw, the Secretary accumulated a large gold reserve in the Treasury which he held as an encouragement to regular trade, and as a threat over the heads of speculators. No act of Mr. McCulloch's has been more sharply criticized than this, and we are inclined to think that in no other act did his peculiar training and ability show themselves in so strong a light, or, taking everything into consideration, did they deserve more applause; but, whether we are right or wrong in this opinion, Mr. McCulloch at least has against all criticism the triumphant answer of success. 'A great war has been closed, large loans have been effected, heavy revenues have been collected, and some 260,000,000*l.* of temporary obligations have been paid or funded, and a great debt brought into manageable shape, not only without a financial crisis, but without any disturbance to the ordinary business of the country.' Meanwhile, if allowance is made for the reserve fund in the Treasury, the debt on the 1st of July, 1868, had been reduced from 600,000,000*l.* to 500,000,000*l.* According to the Secretary's last Report,

more than 125,000,000*l.* had actually been paid out of surplus revenue on debts due at the close of the war. The remainder had been funded for the most part in so-called 5-20 bonds which could not be touched until five years had expired, and which the Government was pledged to pay in full at the end of twenty years. About 320,000,000*l.*, or three-fifths of the entire debt, existed in this form, bearing interest at 6 per cent.

The part of Mr. McCulloch's policy which from an English point of view is most open to attack, is that which allowed him to devote so large a sum to the mere discharge of debt at a time when relief of industry from destructive taxation was a matter almost of life and death, as we shall presently show. Mr. McCulloch firmly believes that he is in the right, while all England would probably agree in pronouncing him to be wrong. In adopting his course, however, he was only following out the traditional policy of the United States Government which has been always based on the principle that a permanent debt is a permanent danger, a source of corruption to republican institutions, pressing unequally on the people, creating discontent at home and weakness abroad. We shall show presently some illustrations of the American argument drawn from the effects of high taxation on public prosperity and morals. Another illustration, still more significant, is supplied by the immediate rise of a party which, on one ground or another, insists upon a forcible interference with the rights of creditors.

Simple repudiation has of course never been suggested. The point, as put by its supporters, has been one of the equitable rights of the debtor as opposed to the strict claim of the creditor. The 5-20 bonds, which, as we have already said, form the bulk of American indebtedness, were 6 per cent. bonds issued partly in 1862 and partly in subsequent years, which the Government pledged itself not to redeem until five years had elapsed after their date, but which must be redeemed in full at the end of twenty years. The five years' grace has already expired so far as a portion of these bonds is concerned, and the Government is at liberty to pay them off and reduce the interest if it can obtain the money, but unfortunately the market value of the bonds is only about 80 per cent. of their nominal value, and the operation would be a difficult one. Meanwhile the creditor who bought five-twenties at prices ranging from 40 to 80, has received from 8 to 15 per cent. per annum on his investment ever since the purchase.

The law authorizing the issue of 5-20 bonds, did not in words pledge payment in coin merely for the reason that the legal-tender paper had at the time only just been invented, and no one as yet conceived the idea that it was to become a permanent standard of value. There is no question that the bonds were sold on the understanding that they were to be paid in coin when due, and that they could not have been sold at all, at least during the war, except on this understanding. But for anything that appears on the bonds itself, there is no reason why it may not be paid in 'lawful money,' or, in other words, legal-tender paper. In this particular the advocates of repudiation have possibly the strict law on their side, while equity is on the side of the creditors, but this point could only be determined by the Supreme Court.

Apparently this right of redemption in paper would seem to imply a corresponding right to issue an indefinite amount of greenbacks for the purpose of effecting the redemption, and such no doubt was the first idea of its inventors. But when it became evident that public opinion was firm against any further inflation, a more moderate idea was suggested. The bonds, it is said, were lawfully payable only in the same currency in which they were issued, and this was legal-tender paper, it is true, but paper which by the solemn pledge of the Government, never could be issued to a greater amount than 80,000,000. With this limitation no injury could be done to the creditor, who would receive all the value to which he was legally or equitably entitled. This is the ground which seems to have been finally taken by Mr. Pendleton, the leader of the so-called 'greenback party,' and it is not materially different from the scheme so strongly pressed in England at the time of resuming specie payments, which was summarily rejected by Parliament.

In the early part of 1868, before the general election, this doctrine seemed to be making great headway both in the democratic and in the republican parties which are outbidding each other in their local organizations for the popular vote. Some of the republican leaders in Congress began to waver, and John Sherman, senator from Ohio, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, and one of the most cautious and respected among the republican chiefs, undertook to effect a compromise which should finally dispose of the controversy. He brought in a bill, not from his committee, but on his own responsibility, offering the public creditor a 5 per cent. bond secured from redemption for ten years, and

finally payable in gold, in place of his 6 per cent. bond which was now payable at will; and, while disclaiming the idea of employing a threat, Mr. Sherman added that if this offer were rejected, he should himself vote in favor of redeeming the bonds in currency. The proposition was not in itself unreasonable. The creditor might very possibly consider ten years' undisturbed possession of his 5 per cent. interest as a fair equivalent for the 6 per cent. bond with its liability to immediate redemption, and it is not unlikely that he would ultimately have been a gainer by the bargain; but the threat of compulsion alarmed the public and tainted the whole measure. The republican party refused to follow Mr. Sherman, whose position among his friends was gravely compromised, and the democratic party, with Mr. Pendleton at its head, demanded of Mr. Sherman the reason why, if he thought so well of its policy as a means of compulsion, he did not adopt it as a principle. If the bonds were payable in paper, why not pay them in paper?

Another proposition was now introduced as a political bribe in the election, and the protection of this was assumed by General Butler of Massachusetts, a member of Congress better known in England for his military notoriety. With his usual ingenuity Mr. Butler advanced his measure as one framed upon English law. The interest upon national securities pays income-tax in America as well as in England. Nay! said General Butler; England, whose example is so loudly vaunted for financial integrity, taxes the *principal* as well as the interest of her debt in the case of her terminable annuities, whereas we only propose to imitate the English practice so far as to collect the income-tax at the Treasury instead of trusting the honesty of each individual for a correct return.

At first sight the suggestion seemed innocent enough, and the House was so well pleased with it, that without allowing debate, it adopted a resolution instructing its Committee of Ways and Means at once to report a bill for levying a 10 per cent. tax at the Treasury on the interest of the United States securities. The instruction revealed the true nature of the project by dropping the whole pretext of income-tax, and directing the imposition of a new tax in addition to the old one, unaffected by its exemptions and striking especially at foreigners. The members of the Ways and Means Committee, whose chairman is leader of the House, after trying in vain to stop the Resolution, were obliged to submit in silence while the House passed it over their heads by a vote of 92

to 54. A very amusing, but rather undignified, contest then ensued between the House and its Committee. On the 2nd of July, three days after this scene, Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts reported a bill from the Committee, accompanying it with the following extraordinary defiance:—

'The Committee repeat that in reporting the bill they act in obedience to the positive directions of the House, and contrary to their own best judgment. They reserve to themselves their rights as members of the House to oppose in every possible way the adoption of a measure which they regard as hostile to the public interest, and injurious to the national character.'

The House, whose duty it was to take offence at this unceremonious lecture, did nothing of the sort, and left to General Butler the task of vindicating its dignity as well as the honesty of his own measure, both of which duties Mr. Butler performed with his usual boldness, indulging at the same time in many energetic and spiteful sallies against the Committee and the bill itself, which he declared had been carefully framed for the purpose of making the House odious and ridiculous. General Garfield retaliated by charging General Butler with having attempted to deceive the House in regard to his measure, and with having succeeded. The bill itself was buried under other pressing business, and could not possibly come up for action until the next session of Congress; but its supporters, determined to obtain a vote on the direct principle, offered, by way of amendment to a funding bill then before the House, another proposition, much more cautiously framed and very moderate in character. The tax was reduced to 5 per cent.; all income-tax exemptions were allowed in deduction; and the amount levied at the Treasury was to be considered as a full discharge of all income-tax so far as national securities were concerned. The member who offered this measure declared his only object to be the exact reproduction of the English law. As such the House divided on the amendment, and rejected it by a vote of 73 to 38, thus sustaining its Committee against its own previous vote of instructions.

The shrewdest politicians were entirely deceived as to the popularity of attacks on the national credit, and when the elections came, this issue, which the republican party had feared and evaded, and which the democratic party had tried to press, seemed to exercise a disastrous influence on its friends. Mr. Pendleton failed to obtain the democratic nomination as President, and Mr. Seymour, who was opposed to all these

schemes, had the honour of being defeated by General Grant in his stead. Mr. Sherman, as Senator, held his office without reelection, but his influence was greatly shaken. General Butler was subjected to an extremely bitter contest on the ground of his financial heresies, and although he carried the day, his republican allies in Congress were not so fortunate. Very few of them were returned.

The election of November 1868 was therefore supposed to have decided the point that repudiation had no friends, and that, whatever happened, the public debt would be paid in full, in coin, when due. Much surprise was, therefore felt when President Johnson, in his December message to Congress, suggested the idea of repudiating the whole debt in eighteen years and a-half. The President's influence was so totally destroyed that no proposition made by him would have had the least chance of consideration, and in this case he only succeeded in giving to his enemies in Congress the opportunity of making easily a reputation for superior virtue by condemning his scheme. In point of fact, Mr. Johnson's suggestion was only a curious indication of his own character and faculties; for, strange as it may seem, this proposal was made by him in good faith as one to which the public creditor 'might not be averse.' He seriously expected that the bond-holders might be persuaded to accept the offer, not because it was their interest, but merely because in view of their past profits their sense of justice would acknowledge that the arrangement was equitable. His meaning was that they should convert their bonds into a terminable annuity having eighteen and a half years to run, which would have been equivalent to a perpetual annuity at about 2 per cent. interest. The public, however, distrusting him personally, and unable to conceive the simplicity of a President who really imagined that creditors were influenced by ideas of abstract justice, set Mr. Johnson down as the worst repudiator of all, and rejoiced in the consciousness that he had at last destroyed with his own hands the little respect which had still been preserved for him.

At the close of an exhausting war, a deficit in the peace budget seems the natural condition of nations. We have already mentioned that the United States Government had not to suffer this last and worst of financial annoyances, but has on the contrary devoted 125,000,000*l.* of surplus revenue to the reduction of the debt since September, 1865. The true difficulty has here not been a want of money, for the country

is very wealthy, and its resources, at least in the Northern States, were untouched by the war, but how best to collect the needed revenue has proved an unexpectedly awkward problem. Under the pressure of necessity Congress had imposed excessive taxes which produced large sums of money but were destructive to healthy industry, and violated every economical law. The merest necessities of life and the simplest materials of labour were taxed and taxed again. Clothing, boots and shoes, cotton fabrics, raw cotton, leather, coal, and woollens, furnished several million pounds to the internal revenue; iron in every shape, pig and bar, sheet and castings, all manufactures of iron and of steel, lead, machinery and similar agents in productive industry, furnished millions more; and these duties being collected in the form of a tax on the sales of each manufacturer, not only caused an excessive duplication of taxes, each new process counting as a new manufacture, but increased the cost of the finished product to a far greater extent than was represented by the amount of the tax, heavy as it often was. Railways, steamers, and companies which forwarded merchandise, and telegraph companies, all modes of conveyance and intercommunication, were heavily taxed. Repairs of engines, carriages, ships were burdened with a penalty. Insurance companies paid on their gross receipts, and joint-stock banks on their capital, circulation, and deposits. Finally, a heavy income-tax crowned this tremendous scheme, but did not tell the whole story of the unfortunate consumer. Perhaps the most mischievous tax of all, which eat into the heart of society like a cancer, was that which resulted from the additional profit charged by every tradesman or manufacturer as a compensation for the risks to which he was subjected by the daily fluctuations of the currency.

Partly in order to furnish artificial protection for native industry, partly also to compensate for the effect of these internal taxes which gave artificial protection to foreign industry, Congress thought proper to raise the Customs' duties to a point which at first sight seems inconsistent with international trade. The average rates were increased until they reached nearly 50 per cent. on the invoiced value of all dutiable articles. No description can present the condition of American industry in a more painful light than the bald fact that these enormous duties are universally agreed to have failed in giving the protection intended..

An effective collection of such taxes, both internal and import, was of course impossible, and indeed had they been rigorously collected, the country could scarcely have stood under their pressure. In a single year 115,000,000*l.* in currency, equivalent to 80,000,000*l.* in coin, was paid in taxes to the national Government, and yet the Commissioner of Internal Revenue estimated that the laws were enforced with so little vigour that half the taxes were evaded. Four years of reckless national expenditure, followed by such a system of taxation, and based on such a currency, had changed materially for the worse the habits and moral standard of the community. Productive pursuits, especially in the eastern States, unless artificially stimulated, ceased to yield any return nearly equivalent to the rapid gains of trade and of speculation, with their additional chances for successful fraud. The rural districts threw a greater proportion than ever of their surplus population into the great cities, which grew with rapidity in spite of the rise in rents and in the cost of living; while everyone whose occupation or condition of life precluded the chance that he might cheat his neighbour as his neighbour cheated him, was ground into the dust. Slight symptoms indicated the tendency of society. The stock-exchange, for example, has as a rule been in no country a fashionable or an honoured field of activity, and America in former days offered no exception to this ordinary law; yet it had now become in the great cities a favourite career. The same young men who in 1861 had sacrificed income, health, family, and, during four years, from motives as purely patriotic as human nature on its great scale is capable of producing, had endured every hardship that war could inflict, now returned as colonels and generals, with their honours and their wounds, fresh from the famous armies of Virginia and Tennessee, glorying in their military career, fairly adored by the nation, proud in the consciousness that Europe had watched their campaigns with partisan eagerness — and returned to job merchandise or to plunge into the profligate and swindling transactions of the stock-exchange and the gold-room. Mr. Wells's first annual Report, made in December 1866, nearly two years after hostilities had ceased, described a condition of things which seemed to offer all the signs of an imminent convulsion. The discharged soldiers seemed not to have returned to their old occupations; they had sought new homes and new interests. The

system of apprenticeship to trade had almost ceased to exist; skilled labour was difficult to obtain at any rate of wages, and when obtained was no longer that of native but of naturalized citizens. All parts of the country continued to grow in population, but the growth of the cities was out of all proportion to that of the rural districts. The currency acted as a violent spur to speculation, and as a screen for unfair profits. Taxation amounted to 2*l*. 7*s*. (gold) a head, against 2*l*. 5*s*. in Great Britain, and 1*l*. 13*s*. in France. Smuggling had become a system, and fraud a habit. Rents and the prices of staple articles of consumption had risen nearly 90 per cent. in six years. Exports had diminished and imports increased in value, while the difference had been paid in United States bonds. Flour could be imported from Europe at a profit. The shipping interest was almost destroyed, not merely by the war, but by the cost of materials and the absence of freight.

The flush of returned peace, the flood of money poured out from the Treasury and the heavy investments sent from Europe to purchase American securities, carried the nation easily over its first year of repose before the Government had thought it necessary to adopt a single measure for the prevention of its threatened difficulties. The revenue furnished a surplus* of 7,600,000*l*. for the financial year which ended on the 1st of July 1866. The only law which Congress passed for reducing the taxes dated from July 13th, fifteen months after the war had ceased, and gave relief to the amount of about 13,000,000*l*. on articles of first necessity, without touching the system itself which was now beginning to rouse deep popular discontent. The second year began so prosperously for the Treasury that Mr. McCulloch, in his annual Report of December 1866, was able to promise a surplus for the 1st of July 1867 of not less than 30,000,000*l*., a promise that was liter-

ally kept.* Such a disproportionate excess of income over expenditure could not in the nature of things be permanent, and the time had now come when the tide which had thus far floated the country over all its perils had reached its highest point and had begun to ebb. The year 1867 was everywhere one of stagnation and disaster. The United States suffered no more, or even less, than many other countries; but there was a general fall of about 10 per cent. in prices, and a sharp pressure on profits and wages—the premonitory symptoms of a return to the natural conditions of industry. Congress, meanwhile, had on the 2nd of March 1867 made another reduction in taxes to the extent of about 8,000,000*l*., accompanying this gift by extravagant appropriations calculated to counteract all attempts at enforcing economy for some time to come and to make proper reforms impossible. By the close of the year 1867, the growls of popular dissatisfaction became so energetic that there was no longer a possibility of neglecting them, especially since the general election of 1868 was close at hand, and there was great danger that the dominant party in Congress might lose its control of power unless some attention was paid to the public interests. Popular forbearance had been severely tried. After three years of experience, the fact was no longer to be disguised that the whole revenue system was a mass of corruption, intolerable even in America, where public opinion tolerates abuses such as would excite in England a revolution. This statement may seem exaggerated and unfair, but our language is weak when compared with the official reports of the authorities who, next to the President, were trusted with the execution of the laws. Mr. Rollins, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his Report of December 1867, speaks as follows of his own department.

* If all the various means resorted to by many modern distillers for the accomplishment of their

Receipts. 1865-6.	
Customs	179,046,651
Lands	665,081
Direct tax	1,974,764
Internal revenue	309,226,813
Miscellaneous	67,119,369
	\$558,032,618
Expenditures.	
Civil Service	41,066,961
Pensions and Indians	18,852,410
War	284,449,701
Navy	48,324,118
Interest on debt	133,067,741
	\$520,750,937
Surplus	\$37,281,681 (7,600,000 <i>l</i> .)

1866-7.	
Customs	176,417,810
Lands	1,163,575
Direct tax	4,200,238
Internal revenue	206,027,537
Miscellaneous	42,824,852
	\$490,634,007
Civil Service	51,110,027
Pensions and Indians	25,579,089
War	95,224,416
Navy	31,034,011
Interest on debt	143,781,591
	\$346,729,127
Surplus	\$143,904,880 (29,732,000 <i>l</i> .)

designs upon the revenue and its officers, could be truthfully written, the very safety of our institutions might well be questioned. . . . The failure to collect the tax upon distilled spirits, and the imperfect collections from several other objects of taxation, are attributable more to the frequent changes of officers, and to the inefficiency and corruption of many of them, than to any defect in the law. I write this in the advocacy and the defence of every worthy, honest officer, *but I write it with shame*. The legal evidence of its truth may never be found, but the moral evidence is patent to every thoughtful observer. . . . There is reason to believe that more public dissatisfaction arises from the failure to secure the tax upon spirits than from all other causes combined, and unless some remedy is obtained, I apprehend further demoralization extending through other sources of revenue, and corrupting even the business relations of individuals.'

Mr. Wells spoke still more strongly:—

'The necessity involved imperils not only the revenue, and consequently the public credit, but even the very existence and maintenance of republican institutions. . . . What a spectacle is to-day presented to the country of the law in repeated instances breaking down; of a large proportion of the assessed internal-revenue taxes remaining uncollected, or collected for the benefit of some other recipient than the national Treasury; and of fraud and incompetency in official position becoming daily more apparent and disastrous in their consequences. But in this exhibit, painful as it is, the case is only half stated. The demoralizing influence of successful evasion of the revenue and the accumulation of profit thereby, has penetrated deeply into the community, and public sentiment has become influenced to such an extent that no serious disgrace attaches to transactions in which Government is a party, which, if committed against individuals, would be universally branded as infamous.'

The duty on distilled spirits which threatened the very existence of republican institutions, and threatened it more seriously than all the armies of the rebel confederation, amounted to about eight shillings (currency) the gallon, which was two shillings less than the English duty when reduced to the same standard of measure and of value. The production of distilled spirits at a moderate estimate was forty-five million gallons per annum, which should have produced a revenue of 18,000,000*l.*, and actually produced in its best year about 6,000,000*l.*, while even this small receipt fell off to 3,000,000*l.* in the year 1867-8. During the whole existence of this tax, the market price of distilled spirits was never sufficiently high to yield anything but a loss to the distiller after paying the tax. Every distiller must there-

fore of necessity have defrauded the Government, and the public must have paid to fraudulent distillers and their agents at least 10,000,000*l.* per annum, which belonged of right to the national Treasury. This immense plunder created an organized interest commonly known as the 'whisky-ring,' which pursued systematically the business of deceiving or corrupting the Government officials with such success as Mr. Rollins and Mr. Wells have described in the extracts we have quoted. Nor was this an isolated case. The frauds in tobacco, fermented liquors, and coal-oil were believed to be relatively greater than those in distilled spirits. According to universal agreement, little more than half the internal taxes were now collected, while, of the other half, two-thirds probably went into the pocket of the fraudulent dealer in order that the public might save the other third.

The Treasury groaned and Congress stormed over so scandalous a condition of affairs. The press grew absolutely weary of complaint, and timid citizens trembled at a future which seemed so probable and so unexpectedly near. Nor was it only in the national service that venality showed itself superior to Government and more powerful than law. The great corporations whose wealth and power were now extending beyond limits consistent with the public interest, found no difficulty in buying whatever legislation they wanted from the State Legislatures, and whatever justice they required from the elective judiciary of New York. The facts were notorious. A mere glance at the daily press of New York is enough to show that the general want of confidence in men and institutions closely resembled a panic.

There is, however, one peculiarity of the situation which strikes an English mind with especial surprise. That the head of the most important service in the Government should calmly accuse his subordinates in a mass of being in collusion with thieves, seems astonishing, but that after such an accusation everything should go on as before is almost incredible. One assumes as a matter of course that some political jealousy was involved, and that the charge was at once denied by the Secretary of the Treasury or by Congress. Nothing of the kind occurred. On this point Mr. McCulloch was in sympathy with Mr. Rollins, while members of Congress had good reason to know that the charge was true, since it was their influence which had appointed to office these very men who were now shown to be thieves. The accusation was undenied, and no man in the United States

doubted its truth, yet nothing was done to correct an evil which in England would have cost the strongest Ministry its office, and the largest Parliamentary majority its seats.

The secret of this inaction lies below the surface of American politics. Whatever may be the amount of social corruption in the United States, and we believe it to have been greatly exaggerated, the political corruption is serious. *Primo magis ambitio quam avaritia animos hominum exercebat.* Party organizations in America have obtained a wonderful development and a dictatorial power. Kesting as they must upon the most numerous and therefore the poorest classes of society, they undertake to account for the political opinions of every citizen. They are marvellously effective, but they are excessively costly, and they can only be held together by two influences, money and patronage. Few men are so pure as to devote their time and labour to an organization of this sort from mere motives of patriotism. The United States Government, in consequence, has never had an efficient civil service, since for forty years past it has been almost constitutional law that no civil servant of the Government holds his place on any other tenure than the will of the political party in power; and this right of removal, with its corresponding right of appointment, has been the most highly valued prerogative of office and the most effective weapon in party warfare. Even the President clings to his right of personally appointing to small offices. Any English visitor who calls upon him in his private cabinet, may see in the ante-room the applicants for office waiting hour after hour for a personal interview. Each President in turn — Mr. Lincoln not less than Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Johnson not less than Mr. Lincoln — has fostered this abuse of power. Each member of Congress nurses still more carefully the share of patronage which falls to his hand. If a friend of the Administration, he may control his constituents by alternately bribing or threatening the local politicians who control the primary caucuses of their party; and if an enemy of the Administration, he has almost a greater influence in the possible patronage which a party triumph may bring. This practice was barely tolerable before the war, when the executive patronage was small; but the new revenue system vastly increased the number of officials, and gave to them powers which until now had been unknown to the United States. They were able, if they chose, to annoy and perhaps to ruin their enemies, and to make the fortunes of their friends. If they were zealous and generous

in their support of the winning cause, few members of Congress would be too curious about their accounts, and complaints might commonly be stifled. The system was one which tendered directly to interest the officer in encouraging fraud or in assuming its existence, because he could thus control the influence of the fraudulent and sometimes of the honest dealer under a threat of ruin, while either political party was interested in supporting and protecting the official who acted most effectively in its behalf. The disorganized condition of the Government under President Johnson left no check to this form of corruption, but it was not peculiar to that or any other Administration. It was an essential part of the political system, one of the most effective and necessary agents in party organizations. The remedy was simple, had parties honestly wished it; for, without any legislation whatever, a mere abandonment of the practice of removal from office without cause would in a short time have corrected the evil, but parties could not persuade themselves to cut away the props of their power. Mr. Rollins indeed could say that he wrote his charges with shame, though he had no personal share in these abuses, but as between the two great political parties, to one or the other of which every citizen was almost obliged to belong, there was in respect to this kind of corruption very little to choose. The evil has now flourished for years at an expense of 20,000,000*l.* per annum to the Government according to estimates furnished by the Treasury officials, but there is only a vague and distant prospect of any vigorous action on the part of Congress.

Congress could, however, and did storm violently at the 'whisky-ring,' and at all the other 'rings' which infest American politics, while members who have thought themselves disgraced by the offer of their money, did not hesitate to use their political power. Nevertheless, the public discontent was now beginning to fasten upon particular abuses like that of the whisky-tax and frauds on the revenue, symptoms of the disease but not the disease itself, and with declining revenue, suffering industry, and an imminent general election, Congress, on meeting in December 1867, felt that prompt action was urgently required. Its first reform was such as its enemies might have predicted. It instantly passed an Act stopping the contraction of the currency, while Mr. McCulloch in despair urged that, if only the power were left him, he would promise not to use it. The next reform was to repeal the tax on cotton. A third law, approved March 31, 1868, swept from

the statute-book all the remaining taxes on manufactures; and, finally, after long and painful discussion, the tax on distilled spirits was reduced from eight shillings to two shillings and sixpence the gallon. These reductions were equivalent to a sacrifice of 14,000,000*l.* of revenue without estimating any loss from the duty on spirits. They were in themselves wise so far as they went, and they cured some part of the disease, not by purifying the system, but by narrowing the area of corruption. They were not reform itself, but they were the last expedients possible before Congress was driven to reform. A single further step will oblige the nation to study its own condition and to understand its dangers. Meanwhile the financial year ended with a surplus* of nearly 6,000,000*l.*

No further reduction of taxes was attempted in the session which has just closed, but we believe that the result of the financial year ending with the 1st of July next, will show a considerable surplus of revenue, which may be moderately estimated at 4,000,000*l.* In the meanwhile, the new, reduced tax on distilled spirits, which for a time seemed to answer every purpose of its supporters, has proved as ineffective as the heavier duty. The price of distilled spirits has again fallen to a point which proves the existence of fraud; and the distillers, driven from the eastern cities, have succeeded in corrupting western officials by some process which the Government has hitherto failed to discover. The new Administration, however, has undertaken to purge the revenue service, and will probably succeed in better collecting the taxes. On the other hand, Congress has finally settled the fate of repudiation by passing with large majorities in both Houses a Bill which pledges the country to redeem its bonds and notes in coin; and the success of this measure, supported by the energetic language of President Grant's inaugural address, has already raised the price of United States securities until a reduction of interest on a

great part of the debt seems nearly practicable. The leader of the House ventures to hope for a surplus of 20,000,000*l.* for the year 1869-70; and with only ordinary prudence the taxes may be greatly diminished, and at the same time both capital and interest of the debt considerably reduced.

If we now sum up the results of the four years, we shall find that a debt, which if funded at the close of the war would have reached 600,000,000*l.*, has been successfully converted into 6 per cent. bonds for the most part, and reduced to 530,000,000*l.*, paying 26,000,000*l.* annual interest. These bonds will be redeemed and the interest lowered whenever the Government succeeds in borrowing at a cheaper rate. During the administration of General Grant the financial policy may be considered as fixed, and all danger of interference with the creditor, except on just terms, at an end; but long before these four years are over it is probable that the 5-20 bonds will all be redeemed, and the question of repudiation settled by the issue of new certificates bearing a lower rate of interest, and payable by law in coin.

The currency question remains untouched; but if the funded debt is successfully treated, and the capital gradually reduced, the floating debt must sooner or later be redeemed. We do not, however, venture any opinion as to the process which will be followed or the time which will be required.

The internal-revenue taxes have been reduced about 35,000,000*l.*, and most of the worst burdens have been removed from industry; but the import duties have not been touched, and the revenue service, in both its branches, is a public scandal.

If we are right in our statements, it is clear that what progress the United States Government has made in settling its financial difficulties has been due to its resources, and not to the skill with which its resources are managed. A more extravagant and wasteful system than the one adopted in America does not exist in any civilized country. The internal-revenue system, it is true, has now been reduced to very moderate proportions, and the amount of tax collected (28,000,000*l.*) is not great; but even this moderate sum costs the people dearly. There is a difficulty peculiar to America in the way of excise taxes, a difficulty of enforcing law. The Government began boldly and confidently with the theory that political economy as practiced in Europe was applicable to the United States, but no Government ever deceived itself more completely. Within a very short

		Receipts. 1867-8	
Customs	.	.	164,464,599
Lands	.	.	1,348,715
Direct tax	.	.	1,788,145
Internal revenue	.	.	191,087,584
Miscellaneous	.	.	46,949,038
			\$406,638,081
		Expenditures.	
Civil service	.	.	60,011,018
Pensions, &c.	.	.	27,883,069
War	.	.	123,246,648
Navy	.	.	25,775,592
Interest on debt	.	.	160,424,045
			\$377,340,282
Surplus	.	.	\$28,297,800
			(6,800,000 <i>l.</i>).

space of time it was proved that not only were the country and the institutions peculiar, but the nature of the people was refractory. Congress could easily enough impose an eight-shilling excise duty on spirits, but the temptation of immense profit at once called into action all the resources of Yankee ingenuity, all the shrewd and unscrupulous qualities of the people, to defeat the scheme; and we have shown how the struggle, after shaking society to its foundations, ended in an absolute overthrow of the law, until, so complete was the disaster, few Americans can now comprehend how such a tax can be anywhere collected, under any system however perfect. The idea of taxing very heavily a few articles of large consumption had to be abandoned, and the only resource was a diffusion of taxes by means of licenses and stamps, which still had the disadvantage of interfering with industry, and allowing wide latitude of evasion without being equally productive. The Government was of necessity thrown back upon its import duties as the only very productive taxes that could be cheaply and thoroughly collected. Tax for tax, the internal duty was much the more expensive of the two.

High duties on imports, the highest that were consistent with trade and with healthy home industry, became, therefore, not merely advisable but inevitable; and no foreign nation would have complained so long as they were adapted to bear equally and steadily on honest commerce. Even this result would have been difficult, if not impossible to attain, for within the borders of the United States are produced many of the staple articles of trade from which England and the other European nations derive the bulk of their income. Tea and coffee could bear high duties, but tobacco, sugar, and wine are all produced in large quantities in the United States, and high duties upon them were merely protective to the home producer. But Congress did not stop to consider what might be the most perfect form of tariff. With few exceptions, it imposed duties upon all imported articles with the avowed intention of stimulating home industry. Mr. Wells's last Report furnishes some illustrations of the result in three prominent instances—lumber, salt, and pig-iron. We prefer to quote his authority because it is official, not because we might not furnish other examples which would be equally curious.

The duty on lumber is 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, equivalent, with resulting charges, to 25 per cent., and is of course directed only against Canadian competition. The

price of the import regulates domestic prices. 'The net invoice value of the importation of rough lumber during the fiscal year 1868 was about 1,500,000*l.*, while the value of the domestic product for the same period, or that part of it which entered into competition with the foreign import, may be approximately estimated at 12,000,000*l.* For every dollar, therefore, which is taken in the form of a direct tax, seven are taken indirectly through the increase of prices; or, in other words, 450,000*l.* are received into the Treasury at an indirect cost of about 3,200,000*l.*'

The duty on salt is from 100 to 170 per cent. on its importing price, or almost prohibitive. The consumption is not stated by Mr. Wells, but we believe it is equal to at least 15,000,000 bushels, and the unnecessary enhancement of cost, or tax, paid directly to American salt companies, is about sixpence on each bushel, or 375,000*l.* per annum, with no advantage to the Treasury.

The duty on pig-iron is equivalent to 50 per cent. on the cost of production in the United States. 'The community at large has been compelled to pay an unnecessary profit of from 28*s.* to 40*s.* per ton, on a present annual product of 1,500,000 tons, and has therefore been subjected during the past year to a tax of from 2,000,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.*, paid of course to the manufacturers of pig-iron exclusively.'

These instances are merely common examples of the recklessness and extravagance which is characteristic of the United States tariff, and their pith is contained in the fact that the lumber-merchant, the salt-company, and the manufacturer of pig iron collect every shilling of their taxes, though the Government cannot collect more than sixpence in the shilling of its own. Lumber, pig-iron, and even salt cannot be smuggled in quantities large enough to affect the price. The whole tax falls directly on the consumer, and of these articles, every man, woman and child in the United States is directly or indirectly a large consumer.

The Government, therefore, collects one tax, amounting to 60,000,000*l.* or thereabout. Certain favoured interests collect another tax, the amount of which we are unable to estimate. A third tax is collected by the smuggler. We have already mentioned the sum paid under this head during several years to the 'whisky-ring,' and we have public official statements that fraud is equally successful in other branches of the internal revenue. The custom-duties are probably better collected, but any re-

sponsible man may contract in Montreal or Liverpool for the delivery of smuggled goods in New York. This is the last report of the Commissioner of Customs, the third Commission we have to cite as to abuses on the revenue service. Mr. Wells states that the number of duty-paid foreign cigars, which in 1859 was reported at about 800,000,000 per annum was reduced in 1867 to 30,000,000 under a duty of 150 per cent. *ad valorem*, although the actual consumption is supposed to have increased. So too with champagne, opium, and many other dutiable articles. The consumer probably saves a certain amount by paying tax to the smuggler rather than to the Government, but the burden must be borne, and the cost of production in the United States must ultimately tell what the burden amounts to.

Finally, the capitalist collects a fourth tax. Every influence, whether we call it tax or not, which increases the cost of production, increases immediately the amount of capital required to produce the same result as before. In the United States capital has always been deficient, and 7 per cent. per annum even before the war was a moderate return for its use. Government then intervened as a borrower, and has practically fixed the minimum of interest at between 7 and 8 per cent. This system of taxation compels every employer of capital to use a larger amount in his business than would be required if the system were reformed. The borrower, therefore, is compelled to increase the competition for capital, and to pay higher interest on a larger sum, with the understanding that his industry must perish unless he can compel the consumer to pay not only the additional interest but also a certain additional profit in consideration of the increased risk incurred on the increased capital. Nor is this all. The currency is a discredited and fluctuating medium of exchange, and the capitalist charges his increased risk on this score also to the borrower, who must necessarily throw off the double risk again on the consumer. Government then intervenes and taxes the capitalist on his increased profits in order to escape taxing labour, and the capitalist quietly counts the increased tax as so much additional expense, and throws it off upon the borrower, who must either throw it on the consumer or become bankrupt.

The Government seizes, let us say, 20,000,000*l.* from the public, and gives it to certain favoured citizens who spend a considerable portion of it in hiring labour, creating an artificial demand, and raising the

standard of wages. Increased wages imply increased capital, increased interest, increased cost of production, and so back again to increased wages. This process continues until capital commands 10 per cent. interest where it formerly received 7, and an average duty of 50 per cent. on all imported articles that pay duty at all, is acknowledged both by free-traders and protectionists to be no longer protective.

In all this operation there is no new principle involved, and if all political economy is not a deception, the ultimate pressure must sooner or later fall upon labour. The profits of capital are not diminished, and it is not likely that in a country like America the demand for capital can be permanently checked. But the tendency of the system is to increase the wealth of individuals and corporations at a more rapid rate than the wealth of the public at large. Capital accumulates rapidly, but it accumulates in fewer hands, and the range of separation between the wealthy and the poor becomes continually wider. Mr. Wells, in his last Report, has collected a great amount of evidence to prove that the burden has in fact fallen upon wages, as was to be inferred from *à priori* reasoning, and that the purchasing power of a day's labour in 1868 is considerably less than it was in 1860. But hitherto the stress of suffering has fallen most severely on the intermediate class, whose incomes were, to a greater or less extent, fixed. The ordinary expenses of life have nearly doubled in eight years, but in many cases incomes are not greater in paper than they were in 1860 in coin. All liberal professions have felt the shock. The Universities with their instructors were reduced to a pitiable condition. The clergy of all sects found themselves struggling with poverty hitherto unknown. The great mass of lawyers and the bench suffered a similar degradation. Science and literature languished. The United States Government in its western surveys could obtain the services of its botanists and zoologists at 10*l.* a month in currency, while it paid 15*l.* to the cook and mule-driver who accompanied them. We do not now speak of the inhabitants of great cities, nor of the few distinguished men whose incomes were swelled beyond the average, but of the population at large, especially in the rural districts of the older States, where changes went on in silence, and men, who in old times lived plentifully, now restricted their expenses, eat meat four times a week instead of every day, and said nothing of their economies. The public press seldom pauses to mark such changes as these. They lie under-

neath the surface of society but they indicate disaster to the principle of social equality.

Agriculture, at least in the western States, did not suffer, partly because the introduction of machinery has neutralized the rise in wages, partly because the western farmer is little affected by taxation and almost independent of society; partly, too, because all the harvests except the last have been short, and high prices have been maintained. The natural increase of population keeps pace with the development of new lands which the Government practically gives for nothing to the settler. The West, therefore, exists under exceptional conditions. But in the main, it is true, as Mr. Wells has said, that the rich become richer and the poor poorer; nor is this fact in any way disproved by the corresponding fact that production increases with great rapidity. The system is corrupt, it is an outrage on common sense, it is extravagant beyond belief, it exalts fraud and ruins honesty; but the physical growth of the country is in itself so energetic that misgovernment can at best pervert, but not seriously check it. The labourer can bear a diminution in his wages. The mechanic may be forced to economize and yet live well as compared with his rivals in Europe. A mere failure to increase production so rapidly as it might be increased, is all that can be premeditated; a mere retardation, not a stoppage, of national prosperity. But in the meanwhile all articles of export rise in price until foreign nations will no longer buy, and the country can only send gold and certificates of debt

abroad to pay for purchases which no tariff nor law can stop.

We will not undertake to predict how long this process can last. If its results please the American people, England will not complain, for she will not be the principal sufferer in this drunken bout. Foreign nations, carrying out a selfish political policy, will probably find it to their interest that the United States should continue to produce for herself only, and pay her enormous imports in notes bearing practically 8 per cent. interest, the return of which in any large quantity would damage her credit and disorganize her trade; that she should elevate the scale of social expenditure, and at the same moment depress the standard of the working class; that she should build up an oligarchy resting on corporate and private wealth, and prepare the way for that corruption which, in its own time, will overthrow her institutions. The great responsibility of the new Administration is to itself and not to the world. The best Americans are looking to it with the deepest anxiety, to save the country so far as possible from its dangers by effecting a reform the principles of which we have pointed out; but if the hope is disappointed, even though the country should go on increasing its wealth and power more rapidly than ever, the world will have a right to believe that neither the skill of the Government nor the virtue of American institutions has had any share in the result, except so far as the nation is receiving and exhausting advantages left to it by a past and purer generation.

HOMEWARD.

It is the time when birds are calling
Each to his mate, his sweetheart mate,
When airs are sweet with blossoms falling,
And Spring is waxing warm and late;
And care is grown a heavy thralling
That keeps me from my fair estate.

For in the old familiar places
Doth Nature list, for me doth list,
And in the wood's untrodden spaces
Are pathways where my feet are missed,
And little starry flower-faces
That watch for me to keep a tryst.

Sweet valleys that the sky stoops over
So tenderly, so tenderly,

And hill-sides where the whitening clover

Already tempts the roving bee,
My heart is still your faithful lover,
Remembering charms none else will see.

The robin is my younger brother;
Blackbird and jay, sparrow and wren,
Each year to greet the dear old mother
Come all the children home again:
She calls to me, "I miss no other,
Ah, why so long in haunts of men?"

She knows my heart could never wrong her
She calls me so, she draws me so;
I feel the old spells growing stronger,
Aside the heavy weight I throw.
I cannot bide in exile longer,
Home to the meadows let me go.

From The Spectator, 1 May.

MR. SUMNER ON ENGLAND'S OBLIGATIONS
TO THE UNITED STATES.

MR. SUMNER has expounded in the Senate of the United States his conception of the reasons which rendered the late Convention negotiated between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Reverdy Johnson totally unsatisfactory as a mode of settling the liabilities known popularly as the *Alabama* claims. His speech is, from what we cannot but regard as his very singular point of view, temperate, dignified, and not wanting in statesmanlike grasp of the importance of the emergency. What astonishes us is not the sentiment of his speech, which is manly, natural, and patriotic, nor in any considerable degree its practical counsel (to reject the Convention), which we can at least fully understand; but the extraordinary mixture of strictly sentimental with strictly legal considerations which pervades it throughout. If he had simply said that he, like the great majority of American statesmen, considers the circumstances leading to the fitting-out and escape of the *Alabama* and of many of her consorts less from any legal point of view than as a symptom of the deliberate unfriendliness of a great part of the British people, and, as a consequence, though in a less degree, of the British Government, towards the Northern States during the Civil War; — that this unfriendliness was of a character which might well have led to war then, and which may still lead, if not to war, to greedy reprisals on England should we ever be in circumstances to suffer equally severely from a similar policy on the part of the United States, — and that *this* source of bitterness cannot be removed without a frank apology and expression of regret from England for what has happened, — if this, we say, had been the drift of Mr. Sumner's speech, we should have been disposed to agree with him very heartily. It is perfectly true that we must ascribe to the favour with which the Southern cause was looked upon by an influential portion of the English people, that is, of the aristocracy and the middle-class, the confidence with which the South applied to us for their loan, and for the ships and ammunitions of war in which they invested that loan. Had their cause been one as hateful to England as that of Ferdinand of Naples, they would have got little help and no open sympathy: — our most "respectable" shipbuilders would not have undertaken to build their ships, and if by chance any one of them had done so, our Government would have been supported by public opinion in doing much earlier, and with

much less trepidation, what they did at last in the case of the rams, — namely, strain very decidedly a legal point to prevent a breach of international comity. No sensible person will doubt that it was the insane enthusiasm of our aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* for the most detestable of causes which really supplied the Southern rebellion with money, ships, arms, and good wishes, and daunted our Government in its rather hesitating and tremulous attempt to preserve a friendly attitude towards the Government of the United States. So much we admit without difficulty to Mr. Sumner. Nay, we go further, and say that had their case been ours, — had the upper crust of the United States expressed its hearty sympathy with an Irish rebellion, raised a loan for it, and sent out privateers under an Irish flag to scour the seas in search of British commerce — we should in all probability have declared war with the United States, or if deterred from that course by a mere prudent calculation of consequences, still have been thoroughly disinclined to condone the offence and resume cordial international relations with the United States, without extracting from their Government something more than a dry contract to refer the legal claims of injured individuals to arbitration.

But while we admit all this to Mr. Sumner, we confess that it seems to go a very little way towards explaining his speech. One Government may fairly say to another, — 'The moral damage which your people have inflicted upon us, and to which you have been more or less a party, touches our honour so vitally, goes so far beyond any infraction of law of which we can complain, that we decline to enter into a convention which implies that it is in any sense a question of damages. You might as well ask a man of sensitive honour to accept damages as reparation for an unrettracted insult.' Such a line as that is quite intelligible. But it is not intelligible to say, what, in effect, Mr. Sumner does, 'We ground our claims on a number of extremely questionable and insecure, not to say unsubstantial, legal considerations, which we expect you to admit, *not* on legal grounds, but as a mode of making moral compensation to us for entirely extra-legal blunders and sins.' That seems to us simply unbusiness-like and wholly untenable. So far as the United States make legal claims, let us treat them as legal claims in the strictest sense of the word. And for claims of that kind, what can we propose fairer than arbitration by an impartial tribunal? But so far as the United States complain of our

moral attitude, — which they have every reason to do, — let us deal with that quite separately, not affect to mix it up with legal claims, but either settle it, or leave it unsettled, if we cannot settle it, without prejudice to those claims.

The only pretence which Mr. Sumner seems to us to have for his very remarkable mode of mixing up the unfriendly animus of our people and press with the legal claims which, if they are tenable, may have been more or less due to that unfriendly animus as their fostering source, is that he has discovered two cases in which a convention, concluded expressly to determine the exact extent of the reparation we proposed to make, was preceded by a general apology on the part of the English Government for the wrong we had done. But then, in both these cases the wrong we had done was an undoubted and undeniable legal wrong, which we admitted at the outset, — indeed, could not deny, — and therefore, of course, never proposed to submit on its merits to the arbitration of any tribunal. It would have been simply impossible, when we had, by our own admission, committed a grave breach of international law, to begin our reparation otherwise than by expressing our regret. When the British frigate *Leopard* boarded the United States' frigate *Chesapeake* to regain possession of the persons of four British subjects said to be impressed there, the act was so monstrous a breach of international law, that when the matter was settled, it was settled by disavowal, by restitution, and by compensation; and, of course, a solution by which Great Britain acknowledged herself wholly in the wrong was necessarily preceded by apology. So, too, of the incursion across the Canadian border into the United States in 1837; — the obvious criticism on that matter being not Mr. Sumner's, one of satisfaction that we apologized at last, but one of wonder that the apology, so obviously required, was so long delayed. There was in that affair a real defiance of the independent authority of a peaceful and friendly state, and of course the first condition of reconciliation was to express regret that our people had been betrayed into so indefensible an act. But Mr. Sumner fails to see that in the present case the whole question at issue is simply this, — whether we did in any respect *whatever* violate the slightest rule of international law by our proceedings in the Alabama case? That is the very point to be decided. If it is to be decided by the only fair method in the case of any international dispute, equitable arbitration, it is monstrous to propose that

we should preface its decision by language equivalent to an admission that we were in the wrong. To plead guilty before the Court first, and *then* defend our innocence, is the strangest recommendation ever yet made to an accused person. Yet, as far as we understand Mr. Sumner, that is what he kindly proposes for England; — unless, indeed, he really means that we are not entitled even to submit the legality of our conduct to arbitration at all, but only the *amount* of the penalty. We agree with Mr. Sumner that the tone of the English Parliament and the uppermost stratum of the English people in the beginning of the Civil War was in the highest degree unfriendly to the United States. But we do not happen to agree with him that there was any clear breach of legal neutrality committed from beginning to end of the war, — though we do believe that there was sufficient negligence in allowing the escape of the Alabama to make that matter a fair case for arbitration. Moreover, we do not suppose that there is a single eminent statesman (not even Mr. Bright) or lawyer in England who would go further than we do in Mr. Sumner's direction, and very few who would go so far. Now, what is it, then, which Mr. Sumner calmly proposes to us all, — even those who, like ourselves, approach him most closely in political bias? Simply this; — to submit our political and legal consciences in the most abject manner to a dogma which not a single man amongst us worth a moment's consideration holds to be true, — to confess a legal guilt of which we are entirely unconscious, and this as a condition *sine quâ non* of reconciliation with the United States. Was anything so monstrous ever proposed on this earth before by any man taking the rank of a statesman? He does not ask us to express popular regret for a grave political error, — and, as we think, even sin, — for which the people at large were not responsible, though the most influential of them were, — but to begin by a frank admission of legal culpability, and this on one of the most important of all points of international law, which might be turned against us tomorrow, in a case where all our sympathies, and all American sympathies too, might happen to be just the other way. He wants us to make an insincere admission, which, by the bye, if it were of any legal value as a precedent at all, would in all probability be first quoted by Spain in support of a peremptory demand for apology from the United States for the advice which the House of Representatives has tendered to the President in relation to

Cuba, on grounds infinitely less plausible. Mr. Sumner seems to us, we confess, to be confounding legal considerations of the first importance with totally distinct moral considerations in a manner almost childish, when he makes a preliminary apology by England the first condition of a convention, the sole object of which is to settle whether or not there is the vestige of a ground for asserting that any breach of law has been committed. If he supposes that a nation which heartily believes itself guiltless of a breach of law, even though on one point it may see that there is a fair opening for doubt and discussion, is likely to declare itself guilty simply to conciliate an opponent, he is more sanguine and credulous, or more disposed to believe in English cowardice, than we should have thought possible.

As regards Mr. Sumner's argument to prove that we were guilty of a breach of international right, that we did violate the laws of neutrality in our policy towards the South, we need not say much. Some things he said which are fair arguments to lay before an arbitrator; others he said which seemed to us coloured by prejudices and prepossessions so extraordinary, that we read them twice before we could credit him with having made any statement so monstrous, — (such, for instance, as the assertion that the fitting-out of the Alabama was as much the fitting-out of a hostile expedition "as if she had sailed forth from Her Majesty's dockyard"); but the great feature of his speech is that in treating the legal questions he does not even condescend to grapple with any one of the more powerful considerations which tell against him. He ignores the point that the acknowledgment of the fact of *belligerency at sea* was essential to give the United States the power of blockade in the sense in which they wanted and used it, — namely, to stop vessels on the high seas bound to any blockaded port. He ignores the fact that the friends of the North felt this so strongly that some of them urged the recognition of belligerency and proclamation of neutrality on the British Government, in the interests of the North alone. He ignores altogether the question whether the breach of any municipal law like our Foreign Enlistment Act *can* be rightly made matter of international complaint by a foreign government. He is inconsistent, too, with himself; for while he makes it (not unjustly, as we think) a great charge against us that we were so negligent in executing our own municipal law, in the Alabama case, a great part of his accusations rest on the assumption that

we should have proceeded, *in violation* of that municipal law, to stop vessels accused of being intended for Southern privateers, on wholly inadequate and inadmissible evidence which no judge or jury would have listened to for a moment. In short, Mr. Sumner's legal argument is a very poor *ex parte* statement of the United States' case, without even a pretence of a judicial discussion. But be that as it may, it is too obvious that *ex parte* legal arguments, if they were the best in the world, are not reasons why judgment should go for the pleader without ever hearing the case on the other side. Mr. Sumner has nothing to say which has not been heard a hundred times before, though he suppresses a great deal which has also been heard a hundred times before, and which seems to us of much greater weight. But what he does say, instead of being put forward as proof that there is something to discuss, — for which only it would serve, — is unfortunately put forward as proof that there is nothing to discuss, — which it not only does not prove, but disproves.

On the whole, Mr. Sumner's speech impresses us very deeply with the necessity there is for greater candour on *both* sides of the Atlantic. Those who feel keenly as we do the *moral* strength of Mr. Sumner's case against England, ought to favour every opportunity for informally expressing that keen sense of regret and mortification which we heartily believe that the great majority of the people of Great Britain and Ireland entertain with regard to the conduct of the ruling class and the Government during the first four years of the Civil War. Those, on the other hand, in America who feel with corresponding keenness the utter unreasonableness of such assumptions as Mr. Sumner's, — that England committed in this case a conspicuous breach of international law like the boarding of the Chesapeake, or the raid of 1837 into the territory of the United States, — should do their best to restrain such unreasonable and self-contradictory demands as Mr. Sumner's, which seem contrary to all the most obvious principles of law. Of course, if we are decided to have been guilty of a breach of international law, let us by all means apologize; but to assume the very point in the discussion, on the ground that we have certainly been guilty of ill-feeling, is as monstrous as it would be for us to ground our own defence on the plea that America has sympathized openly with the Fenian conspirators. Informal national sins must be expiated, if at all, by informal national expressions of regret. We do not ask the Government of the United

States to apologize for the sins of its people in relation to the Fenian matter. America cannot ask the Government of England to apologize for the sins of its people in relation to the Civil War. If, as we heartily believe, the only even disputable point as regards legal liability, is the negligence of the Government in permitting the escape of the Alabama, how is it possible to ask us to express formal contrition till it is decided whether even then we were not acting strictly within our legal competence? Mr. Sumner's real grievance and the real grievance of the Northern people is, that the English Parliament displayed a hearty sympathy with a cause naturally hateful to it, the Slavery cause, out of some poor jealousy of the growing power of the North. Well, that is not a breach of international law. By all means let us do what we can to wipe out a blot on English national character which many of us always marvelled at and sorrowed over. But, on the other hand, let the more moderate and sensible statesmen of the United States restrain their sensitive politicians from the undignified weakness of confounding an act of marvelously bad taste and bad feeling, — though one which unfortunately is too often imitated by America itself without any formal reproach from us, — with an international crime.

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INSTANT AND FUTURE.

FROM its birth this country has lived more in the future than in any present. The great increment of every sort that has marked its career and signalized it beyond other histories has been employed chiefly as an index to other increments, surpassing all previous. To-day this tendency to forecast is more displayed than ever; anticipation runs riot. The causes leading to it in a measure excuse the tendency. We are at last on the grave of slavery, that so long acted as an eccentric agent upon every interest, and therefore on every computation. We have passed the crucial test of a great rebellion, and demonstrated both the homogeneity and permanence of our empire. We have stood up under a debt that was hardly ever paralleled, and it is being lessened. We have crossed the whole continent with railways. The government has been maintained, and the great struggle has only approved it more completely, and shown its efficacy in all departments to equal what we knew of it in some. One foreign government has been

driven from the continent; one has been bought out; another is struggling desperately against deposition; a fourth is trying to avert the same fate by concessions and changes in its functions.

Just at this instant of change and point of both arrival and departure, we come to the usual decennial enumeration of the country. Its figures, covering the whole term of our troubles, will enable us to know what our losses and gains have been. This solid footing of absolute knowledge will direct our steps on many internal questions, and upon those mightier ones that are heralded in regular steam transit from Canton to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Liverpool; in the agitations that seem likely to rend Cuba from Spain; in the slow settlement of Mexico, and the gradual gravitation of the Canadas to a nationality that promises to be continental. For seventy years we have made an average popular increase of 34 per cent. each decade. This ratio would give us 42,000,000 population in 1870. And though the war interfered with the increase, it is hardly probable that we shall fall below 41,000,000, against 38,000,000 returned by the last French census, and less than 30,000,000 in Great Britain. If this is so, the rate will establish 54,000,000 in 1880, more than 71,000,000 in 1890, and about 95,000,000 for the twentieth century.

And this though our borders should not be enlarged. But our whole history is one of increase.

	Sq. miles.
We had, when our independence was secured, . . .	815,615
We gained with Louisiana, in 1803 . . .	930,928
Florida, in 1821, added . . .	59,263
Texas, in 1845, brought . . .	237,505
Oregon, in 1846, added . . .	280,425
California, in 1847, secured . . .	649,762
Arizona, in 1854, increased us by . . .	27,500
And Alaska, in 1866, enlarged us by . . .	577,390

Making in all . . . 3,578,393

This is the positive territorial growth since 1786 — from 815,615 to 3,578,393 square miles, gained from England, from France, from Spain, from Mexico, from Russia, from all contiguous countries. There is nothing in all this to prove that the greater power — greater in population, in development of all sorts, in communication, in wealth and in prestige — will not attract to itself as strongly as the less, and that at the close of the century our population will be less than 100,000,000. In 1810 a calculation of future growth for the future decades of the century was made that has been verified

within three hundred thousand on every occasion, and within less than one hundred thousand in a majority of instances. That estimate placed our census at 31,753,824 in 1860; it was 31,445,089; at 41,328,432 in 1870, 56,450,241 in 1880, 77,266,989 in 1890, and 100,355,985 in 1900. This estimate was further followed to 133,000,000 in 1930, 177,000,000 in 1940, 236,000,000 in 1970, and 283,000,000 in 2000. The correctness of so much of the calculation as has been tried lends probability to the rest.

But the author of this estimate did not allow for annexations. He calculated only from ordinary sources of growth. The pending census will be greater by one extraordinary accretion. 'What will the next be—that in which our tale is estimated at 56,450,241? That for which preparation has already been commenced is liable to same strange modifications. Cuba is gaining power over Spain, and if Cuba gains freedom her annexation is certain. The Dominion of Canada is not indissolubly tied to Great Britain; if loosened, she gravitates naturally and necessarily to the great federation. Two years ago, the Dominion had 3,700,000 inhabitants. The increase she has had, if maintained, would give her 14,800,000 residents at the close of the current century—59,200,000 a century hence. Canada has doubled her population every eighteen years since 1800; this country every twenty-three. It may be doubtful whether our proximate growth will first take in this territory, or whether it will again

move south. It is in order for the pendulum to swing toward the equator, and only to touch the pole again on the rebound. There are 218,339 square miles populated waiting that momentum. A Mr. Webster, who is urging immigration to Canada, says that the annual increment to the United States is \$100,000,000 from immigration alone, and urges the fact as a reason why the Dominion should struggle for that help. The subject is one that affects our immediate policy and prosperity, but it is not one to be decided with a few words at any time. Its result was marked in the memoirs of Talleyrand, now soon to be published, in which he said:

"On the side of America Europe must always have her eyes open, and not furnish any pretext for recrimination or reprisal. America is increasing every day. She will become a colossal power, and a moment must arrive when, placed in more easy communication with Europe by means of new discoveries, she will wish to say her word in our affairs, and have a hand in them. Political prudence, therefore, imposes on governments of the old continent the care of scrupulously watching that no pretext shall be offered for such an intervention. The day when America shall plant her foot in Europe, peace and security will be banished for a long time."

These considerations lead to grander speculations that can be comprehended. All of them are, however, friendly to us, and the opening of the great railroad and the national enumeration are but integers in a product it dazes the mind to consider.

From Good Words.
HAPLESS LOVE.

HIC.

Why do you sadly go alone,
O fair friend? Are your pigeons flown,
Or has the thunder killed your bees,
Or he-goats barked your apple-trees?
Or has the red-eared bull gone mad,
Or the mead turned from good to bad?
Or did you find the merchant lied
About the gay cloth scarlet-dyed?
And did he sell you brass for gold,
Or is there murrain in the fold?

ILLE.

Nay, no such thing has come to me.
In bird and beast and field and tree,
And all the things that make my store,
Am I as rich as e'er before;
And no beguilers have I known
But Love and Death; and Love is gone,

Therefore am I far more sad,
And no more know good things from bad.

HIC.

Woe worth the while! Yet coming days
May bring another, good to praise.

ILLE.

Nay, never will I love again,
For loving is but joyful pain
If all be at its very best;
A rose-hung bower of all unrest;
But when at last things go awry,
What tongue can tell its misery?
And soon or late shall this befall—
The gods send death upon us all.

HIC.

Nay, then, but tell me how she died,
And how it did to thee betide
To love her; for the wise men say
To talk of grief drives grief away.

ILLE.

Alas, O friend, it happened to me
To see her passing daintily
Before my homestead day by day.
Would she had gone some other way!
For one day, as she rested there
Beneath the long-leaved chestnuts fair,
In very midst of mid-day heat,
I cast myself before her feet,
And prayed for pity and for love.

How could I dream that words could move
A woman? Soft she looked at me;
"Thou sayest that I a queen should be,"
She answered with a gathering smile;
"Well, I will wait a little while;
Perchance the gods thy will have heard."

And even with the latest word,
The clash of arms we heard anigh;
And from the wood rode presently
A fair knight well apparelled.
And even as she turned her head,
He shortened rein, and cried aloud —
"O beautiful, among the crowd
Of queens thou art the queen of all!"

But when she let her eyelids fall,
And blushed for pleasure, and for shame,
Then quickly to her feet he came,
And said, "Thou shalt be queen indeed;
For many a man this day shall bleed
Because of me, and leave me king
Ere noontide fall to evening."

Then on his horse he set the maid
Before him, and no word she said
Clear unto me, but murmuring
Beneath her breath some gentle thing,
She clung unto him lovingly;
Nor took they any heed of me.

Through shade and sunlight on they rode,
But 'neath the green boughs I abode,
Nor noted aught that might betide.
The sun waned, and the shade spread wide;
The birds came twittering over head;
But there I lay as one long dead.

But ere the sunset, came a rout
Of men-at-arms with song and shout,
And bands of lusty archers tall,
And spearmen marching like a wall,
Their banners hanging heavily,
That no man might their blazon see;
And ere their last noise died away,
I heard the clamour of a fray
That swelled, and died, and rose again;
Yet still I brooded o'er my pain
Until the red sun nigh was set,
And then methought I e'en might get

The rest I sought, nor wake forlorn
Midst fellow men the morrow morn;
So forth I went unto the field,
One man without a sword or shield.

But none was there to give me rest,
Tried was it who was worst and best,
And slain men lay on every side;
For flight and chase were turned aside,
And all men got on toward the sea;
But as I went right heavily
I saw how close beside the way
Over a knight a woman lay
Lamenting, and I knew in sooth
My love, and drew a-near for ruth.

There lay the knight who would be king
Dead slain before the evening,
And ever my love cried out and said,
"O sweet, in one hour art thou dead
And I am but a maiden still!
The gods this day have had their will
Of thee and me; whom all these years
They kept apart; and now with tears
And blood and bitter misery
Our parting and our death might be."

Then did she rise and look around,
And took his drawn sword from the ground
And on its bitter point she fell —
No more, no more, O friend to tell!
No more about my life, O friend!
One course it shall have to the end.

O Love, come from the shadowy shore,
And by my homestead as before,
Go by with sunlight on thy feet!
Come back, if but to mock me, sweet!

HIC.

O fool! what love of thine was this,
Who never gave thee any kiss,
Nor would have wept if thou hadst died?
Go now, behold the world is wide.
Soon shalt thou find some dainty maid
To sit with in thy chestnut shade,
To rear fair children up for thee,
As those few days pass silently,
Uncounted, that may yet remain
'Twixt thee and that last certain pain.

ILLE.

Art thou a God? Nay, if thou wert,
Wouldst thou belike know of my hurt,
And what might sting and what might heal?
The world goes by 'twixt woe and weal
And heeds me not; I sit apart
Amid old memories. To my heart
My love and sorrow must I press;
It knoweth its own bitterness.

WILLIAM MORRIS.